



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

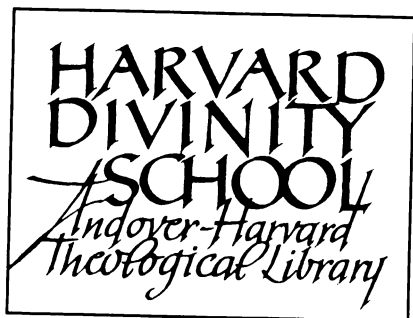
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



1

2

3

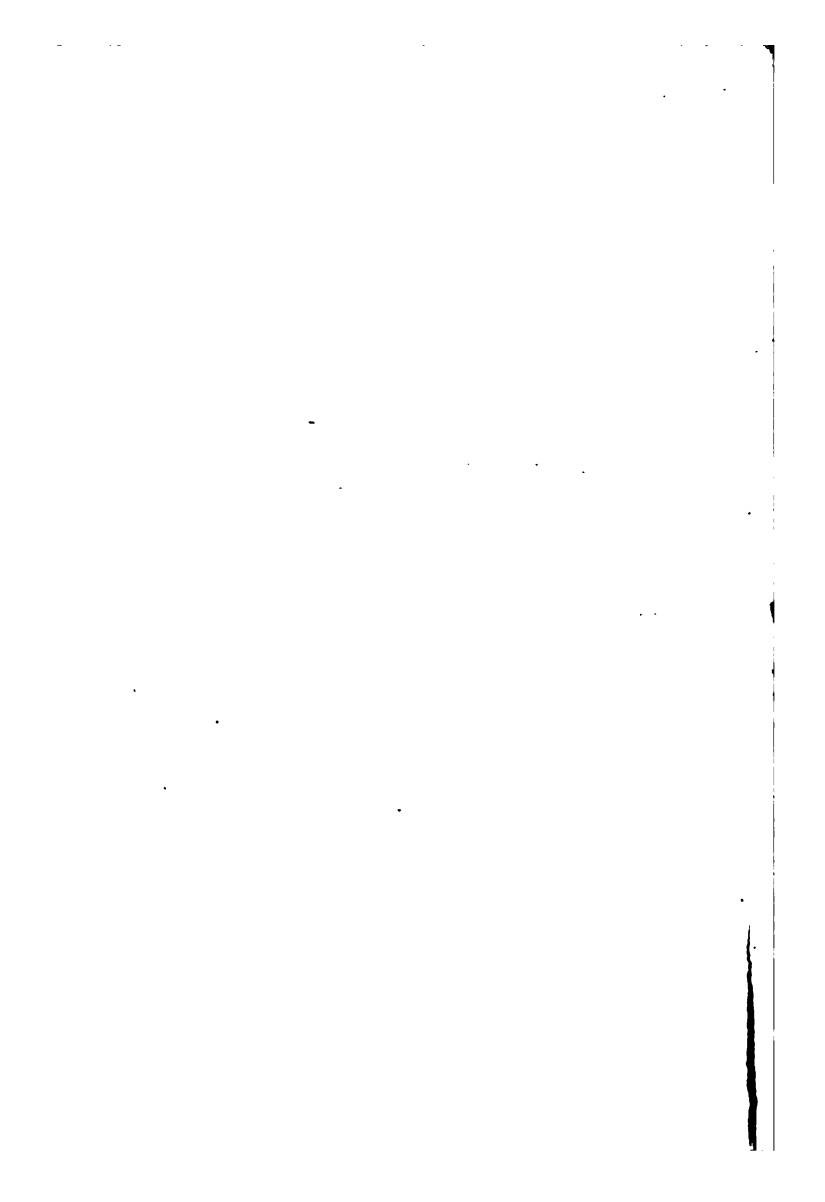
4



HYMNS AND PRAYERS

FOR USE IN THE CHAPEL OF

MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE



HYMN S

AND PRAYERS

FOR USE IN THE CHAPEL OF

MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE

PRIVATELY PRINTED

Oxford

HORACE HART, PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

1907

~~Ms 492.15.1907~~

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM THE ESTATE OF
REV. CHARLES HUTCHINS
MAY 24, 1939

BV

525

.M27

1907

PREFACE

THE first Hymn-book for the use of Marlborough College was compiled in 1856, and contained 100 Hymns. In the 1869 edition this number was largely increased, and a few Sacred Poems were added at the end of the book. In 1878 a considerable number of new Hymns were substituted for others withdrawn; some Anthems were also introduced in place of the Sacred Poems. In 1886 about forty Hymns were added as a first Appendix, and Sacred Poems (some in Latin) reappeared as Appendix II.

In the present edition, besides the Anthems, some fifty Hymns and Sacred Poems have been removed, and their places filled with others which seemed better or more suitable. The new Hymns introduced in 1878

have also been put into the body of the book, those written in 1893 for the Jubilee of the College have been added, some few amendments made in the text of certain Hymns, and the short historical notes revised.

The Editors have to thank many authors (or their representatives) and publishers for kind permission to insert copyright Hymns or Poems in the present edition:—

The Most Rev. the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK for No. 145.
A. H. BEESLY, Esq., for No. 366.

Rev. H. MONTAGU BUTLER for No. 246.

Mrs. DIX for No. 122, by the late WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX.

Rev. F. G. ELLERTON for Nos. 14, 43, 48, 57, 354, by the late Rev. JOHN ELLERTON.

The Ven. ARCHDEACON FURSE for No. 241, by the late Rev. J. S. B. MONSELL.

Messrs. GRANT, of Edinburgh, for Nos. 114, 115, 152, 306, by the late Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE.

F. D. How, Esq., for Nos. 59, 148, 160, 233, 353, by the late BISHOP WALSHAM HOW.

E. W. HOWSON, Esq., for No. 88.

Messrs. MACMILLAN and W. M. ROSSETTI, Esq., for No. 389, by the late CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

Messrs. NELSON for No. 7, by the late JANE BORTHWICK.

Rev. Father NEVILLE, of the Oratory, BIRMINGHAM, for No. 392, by the late CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Messrs. NISBET for No. 325, by the late Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, and for No. 123, by the late FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Major A. W. POLLOCK for Nos. 96, 137, 258, by the late Rev. T. B. POLLOCK.

Rev. S. J. STONE for No. 390.

Rev. L. R. TUTTIETT for No. 192, by the late Rev. L. TUTTIETT.

Rev. G. C. WHITE, on behalf of the Proprietors of Hymns Ancient and Modern, for No. 12, by the late Sir HENRY BAKER, as well as for general permission to use any Hymns or versions of Hymns in their collection which are copyright.

Rev. CANON WORDSWORTH for No. 53, by the late BISHOP CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

Much trouble has been taken to find out the present owners of copyright Hymns. If in any case leave has not been asked where it should have been, the Editors can only apologise for the unintentional neglect.

The present edition of the Hymn-book owes much to the Rev. John Julian's admirable Dictionary of Hymnology, without which it would have been quite impossible to make the historical notes either complete or accurate.

CONTENTS



	HYMNS
MORNING	1-19
EVENING.	20-48
SUNDAY	49-58
FRIDAY	59
ADVENT	60-75
CHRISTMAS	76-79
END OF THE YEAR	80
EPIPHANY	81-83
SEPTUAGESIMA	84
ASH WEDNESDAY	85-87
LENT	88-101
PALM SUNDAY	102-104
HOLY WEEK	105-108
GOOD FRIDAY	109-111
EASTER EVE	112
EASTER	113-119
ASCENSIONTIDE	120-125
WHITSUNTIDE	126-133
TRINITY	134-139
SAINTS' DAYS	140-149
ST. MATTHEW	150

	HYMNS
ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS	151-154
ALL SAINTS	155-157
EMBER DAYS	158-159
CONFIRMATION	160-163
HOLY COMMUNION	164-171
FUNERAL	172-174
MISSIONS	175-182
ALMSGIVING	183
HARVEST	184-188
FOR THOSE AT SEA	189
FIRST SUNDAY OF TERM	190
LAST SUNDAY OF TERM	191
GENERAL	192-350
NATIONAL	351-354
MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE JUBILEE	
HYMNS	355-357
	PAGE
SACRED POEMS	365
PRAYERS	413
INDEX OF AUTHORS	418
INDEX OF FIRST LINES	423

HYMNS

HYMNS



I

L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Thy precious time mis-spent redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.

All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept!
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers with all their might
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bishop Ken (1637-1711), 1695.

2

L.M.

NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove,
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies each returning day
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price
God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves,—a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

John Keble (1792-1866), 1827.

3

C. M. D.

YE that have spent the silent night
In sleep and quiet rest,
And joy to see the cheerful light
That riseth in the East,
Now lift your hearts, your voices raise,
Your morning tribute bring,
And pay a grateful song of praise
To heaven's Almighty King.

And as this gloomy night did last
But for a little space,
As heavenly day, now night is past,
Doth shew his pleasant face;
So let us hope, when faith and love
Their work on earth have done,
God's blessed face to see above,
Heaven's better, brighter Sun.

God grant us grace that height to gain
That glorious sight to see,
And send us, after worldly pain,
A life from trouble free,
Where cheerful day shall ever shine,
And sorrow never come:
Lord, be a place, a portion mine,
In that bright blissful home.

George Gascoigne († 1577).

4

L. M.

JAM lucis orto sidere
Deum precemur supplices,
Ut in diurnis actibus
Nos servet a nocentibus.

Linguam refrenans temperet,
Ne litis horror insonet;
Visum fovendo contegat,
Ne vanitates hauriat.

Sint pura cordis intima,
Absistat et vecordia;
Carnis terat superbiam
Potus cibique parcitas:

Ut, cum dies abscesserit,
Noctemque sors reduxerit,
Mundi per abstinentiam
Ipsi canamus gloriam.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Ejusque soli Filio,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Nunc et per omne saeculum.

Author unknown; possibly of the fifth century.

5

L.M.

NOW that the daylight fills the sky,
We lift our hearts to God on high,
That He, in all we do or say,
Would keep us free from harm to-day;

Would guard our hearts and tongues from strife;
Would shield from anger's din our life;
From all ill sights would turn our eyes,
And close our ears from vanities.

So we, when this new day is gone,
And shades of night are drawing on,
With conscience of the world unstained
Shall praise His name for victory gained.

*John Mason Neale (1818-1866), 1852. From the
Hymn 'Iam lucis orto sidere,' possibly of the
fifth century.*

6

7.7.7.7.7.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night :
Day-spring from on high, be near ;
Day-star, in our hearts appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee ;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams we see :
Till they pour their gladdening light
Through the darkness of our night.

Visit then these souls of Thine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,
Fill us, O Thou Light divine,
Scatter all our unbelief :
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

Charles Wesley (1707-1788), 1740.

7

7.7.7 7.7.3.

JESU, Sun of righteousness,
Brightest beam of love divine,
With the early morning rays,
Do Thou on our darkness shine,
And dispel with purest light
All our night.

As on drooping herb and flower
Falls the soft refreshing dew,
Let Thy Spirit's grace and power
All our weary souls renew;
Showers of blessings over all
Softly fall.

Like the sun's reviving ray,
May Thy love with tender glow
All our coldness melt away,
Warm and cheer us forth to go,
Gladly serve Thee and obey
All the day.

O our only Hope and Guide,
Never leave us nor forsake;
Keep us ever at Thy side,
Till the eternal morning break,
Moving on to Zion hill
Homeward still.

Lead us all our days and years
In Thy straight and narrow way;
Lead us through the vale of tears
To the land of perfect day,
Where Thy people, fully blest,
Safely rest.

*Jane Borthwick (1813-1897), 1855.
From a Hymn of Baron von Rosenroth, † 1689.*

8

L. M.

LORD God of morning and of night,
We thank Thee for Thy gift of light;
As in the dawn the shadows fly,
We seem to find Thee now more nigh.

Fresh hopes have wakened in the heart,
Fresh force to do our daily part;
Thy thousand sleeps our strength restore
A thousandfold to serve Thee more.

Yet, whilst Thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do;
The sun may stand in zenith skies,
But on the soul thick midnight lies.

O Lord of lights, 'tis Thou alone
Canst make our darkened hearts Thine own:
Though this new day with joy we see,
Great dawn of God, we cry for Thee.

Praise God, our Maker and our Friend;
Praise Him through time, till time shall end,
Till psalm and song His name adore
Through Heaven's great day of Evermore.

Francis Turner Palgrave (1824-1897), 1862.

9

L. M.

O GOD, who when the night was deep,
Hast kept me safe, and lent me sleep,
Now with Thy sun Thou bidd'st me rise,
And look around with older eyes.

Each blessèd morning Thou dost give,
I have one morning less to live;
O help me so this day to spend,
To make me fitter for the end.

O bid all wicked thoughts to fly,
The fretful word, and idle eye:
Help me to think, in all I do,
'God sees me—would He have it so?'

Make my first wish and thought to be
For others sooner than for me;
And let me pardon them, as I
Hope for Thy pardon when I die.

Be with me when I work and play;
Be with me now and every day;
Be near me, when I pray Thee, hear;
And when I pray not, Lord, be near.

Francis Turner Palgrave (1824-1897).

IO

7.7.7.7.7.

AT Thy feet, O Christ, we lay
Thine own gift of this new day;
Doubt of what it holds in store
Makes us crave Thine aid the more;
Lest it prove a time of loss,
Mark it, Saviour, with Thy cross.

If it flow on calm and bright,
Be Thyself our chief delight;
If it bring unknown distress,
Good is all that Thou canst bless;
Only, while its hours begin,
Pray we, keep them clear of sin.

We in part our weakness know,
And in part discern our foe;
Well for us, before Thine eyes
All our danger open lies;
Turn not from us, while we plead
Thy compassions and our need.

Fain would we Thy word embrace,
Live each moment in Thy grace,
All ourselves to Thee consign,
Fold up all our wills in Thine;
Think, and speak, and do, and be
Simply that which pleases Thee.

Hear us, Lord, and that right soon;
Hear, and grant the choicest boon
That Thy love can e'er impart,
Loyal singleness of heart;
So shall this and all our days,
Christ our GOD, shew forth Thy praise.

William Bright (b. 1824), 1861.

II

L. M.

O JESU, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou brightness of Thy Father's face,
Thou Fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night ;

Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down Thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

So we the Father's help will claim,
And sing the Father's glorious Name :
His powerful succour we implore,
That we may stand, to fall no more.

May He our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness,
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And bring us to a prosperous end.

O Christ, with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts is borne :
O may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee.

*John Chandler (1806-1876), 1837. From
the Hymn 'Splendor Paternae gloriae'
of St. Ambrose (340-397).*

12

C. M.

MY Father, for another night
Of quiet sleep and rest,
For all the joy of morning light,
Thy holy Name be blest.

Now with the new-born day I give
Myself anew to Thee,
That as Thou wilt I may live,
And what Thou wilt be.

Whate'er I do, things great or small,
Whate'er I speak or frame,
Thy glory may I seek in all,
Do all in Jesus' Name.

My Father, for His sake I pray,
Thy child accept and bless;
And lead me by Thy grace to-day
In paths of righteousness.

Sir Henry W. Baker (1821-1877), 1875.

13

7.6.7.6.D.

WHILE yet the morn is breaking,
I thank my God once more,
Beneath whose care awaking
I find the night is o'er;
I thank Him that He calls me
To life and health anew,
I know, whate'er befalls me,
His care will still be true.

Guardian of Israel, hear me,
Watch o'er me through the day,
In all I do be near me:
For others too I pray,
To Thee I would commend them,
Our church, our youth, our land;
Direct them and defend them
When dangers are at hand.

O gently grant Thy blessing,
That we may do Thy will,
No more Thy ways transgressing,
Our proper task fulfil;
Thy Spirit put within us,
And let His gifts of grace
To all good actions win us,
That best may show His praise.

*Catherine Winkworth (1829-1878), 1862.
From the German of J. Mühlmann († 1613).*

14

S. M.

ANOTHER day begun !
Lord, grant us grace that we,
Before the setting of the sun,
Redeem the time for Thee.

Another day of toil !
To Thee we yield our powers ;
Keep Thou our souls from guilty soil
Through all the passing hours.

Another day of fear !
For watchful is our foe ;
And sin is strong, and death is near,
And short our time below.

Another day of hope !
For Thou art with us still ;
And Thine almighty strength can cope
With all who seek our ill.

Another day of grace
To help us on our way !
One step towards the resting-place,
The eternal Sabbath-day.

John Ellerton (1826-1893), 1871.

15

8.7.8.7.7.7.

NOW the morn new light is pouring,
Lord, may we our spirits raise,
Through Thy grace our souls restoring;
So, on Thy great day of days,
We with joy its dawn may meet
Fearless at Thy judgement-seat.

Jesus, Thou our steps be guiding
By Thy Word's celestial light,
Now and evermore abiding
Our defence, our rock of might:
Nowhere, save alone in Thee,
Can we rest from danger free.

Lo! we yield to Thy direction
Soul and body, heart and mind;
Keep Thou all by Thy protection,
To Thy mighty hand resigned:
Thee our glorious God we own;
Let us, Lord, be Thine alone.

*Henry James Buckoll (1803-1871), 1842.
From the German of Heinrich Albert,
1643.*

16

11.10.11.10.

NOW, when the dusky shades of night, retreating
Before the sun's red banner, swiftly flee;
Now, when the terrors of the dark are fleeting,
O Lord, we lift our thankful hearts to Thee;

To Thee, whose word, the fount of life unsealing,
When hill and dale in thickest darkness lay,
Awoke bright rays across the dim earth stealing,
And bade the eve and morn complete the day.

Look from the tower of heaven, and send to cheer us
Thy light and truth to guide us onward still;
Still let Thy mercy, as of old, be near us,
And lead us safely to Thy holy hill.

So, when that morn of endless light is waking,
And shades of evil from its splendours flee,
Safe may we rise, the earth's dark breast forsaking,
Through all the long bright day to dwell with Thee.

Be this by Thee, O God thrice Holy, granted,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest,
Whose glory by the heaven and earth is chanted,
Whose Name by men and angels is confessed.

*A compilation (U.S.A. 1853). Founded
on the Hymn 'Ecce iam noctis' of
Gregory the Great (549-604).*

17

7.8.7.8.7.3.

COME, Thou bright and morning Star,
Light of Light, without beginning,
Shine upon us from afar,
That we may be kept from sinning;
Drive away by Thy clear light
Our dark night.

Let Thy grace, like morning dew
Falling upon barren places,
Comfort, quicken, and renew
Our dry souls and dying graces;
Bless Thy flock from Thy rich store
Evermore.

May Thy fervent love destroy
Our cold works, in us awaking
Ardent zeal and holy joy
At the purple morn's first breaking;
Let us truly rise, ere yet
Life has set.

Ah, Thou Day-star from on high,
Grant that at Thy next appearing,
We who in the grave do lie,
May arise, Thy summons hearing,
And rejoice in our new life,
Far from strife.

Light us to those heavenly spheres,
Sun of grace, in glory shrouded;
Lead us through this vale of tears,
To the land where days unclouded,
Purest joy, and perfect peace,
Never cease.

*Richard Massie (b. 1800), 1857.
From the German of Baron von Rosenroth, 1684.*

18

8.4.7.D.

COME, my soul, thou must be waking;
 Now is breaking
 O'er the earth another day;
 Come to Him who made this splendour,
 See thou render
 All thy feeble strength can pay.
 Gladly hail the light returning;
 Ready burning
 Be the incense of thy powers;
 For the night is safely ended—
 God hath tended
 With His care thy helpless hours.
 Pray that He may prosper ever
 Each endeavour,
 When thine aim is good and true;
 But that He may ever thwart thee,
 And convert thee,
 When thou evil wouldst pursue.
 Think that He thy ways beholdeth;
 He unfoldeth
 Every fault that lurks within;
 Every stain of shame glossed over
 Can discover,
 And discern each deed of sin.
 Fettered to the fleeting hours
 All our powers
 Vain and brief are borne away;
 Time, my soul, thy ship is bearing,
 Onward faring,
 To the gulf of death a prey.
 Mayest thou then on life's last morrow,
 Free from sorrow,
 Pass away in slumber sweet;
 And, released from death's dark sadness,
 Rise in gladness,
 That far brighter Sun to greet.

*Henry James Buckoll (1803-1871), 1841. From
 the German of Baron von Canitz, † 1699.*

19

L. M.

FORTH in Thy Name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue,
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
In all I think, or speak, or do.

The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day;

For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

Charles Wesley (1707-1788), 1749.

20

L. M.

ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bishop Ken (1637-1711), 1695.

21

L. M.

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble (1792-1866), 1820.

22

IRREGULAR.

HAIL, gladdening light, of His pure glory poured
Who is the Immortal Father, Heavenly, Blest,
Holiest of Holies, Jesus Christ, our Lord.
Now we are come to the sun's hour of rest,
The lights of evening round us shine,
We hymn the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit Divine.
Worthiest art Thou at all times to be sung
With undefiled tongue,
Son of our God, Giver of life alone;
Therefore in all the world Thy glories all things
own.

*Varied from John Keble (1792-1866), 1834. From
the Hymn 'Φῶς ἱλαρὸν ἀγίας δόξης,' of the fourth
century or earlier.*

23

C. M.

ALL praise to Him who dwells in bliss,
Who made both day and night,
Whose throne is darkness, in th' abyss
Of uncreated light.

Each thought and deed His piercing eyes
With strictest search survey;
The deepest shades no more disguise
Than the full blaze of day.

Whom Thou dost guard, O King of kings,
No evil shall molest,
Under the shadow of Thy wings
Shall they securely rest.

Thy angels shall around their beds
Their constant stations keep;
Thy faith and truth shall shield their heads,
For Thou dost never sleep.

Charles Wesley (1707-1788), 1741.

24

8.7.8.7.7.7.

THROUGH the day Thy love hath spared us ;
Now we lay us down to rest ;
Through the silent watches guard us ;
Let no foe our peace molest ;
Jesus, Thou our guardian be,
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

Pilgrims here on earth and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers ;
In Thine arms may we repose,
And when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

Thomas Kelly (1769-1854), 1806.

25

8.7.8.7.

S AVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He, who never weary
Watchest where Thy people be.

Should this night our spirit leave us,
Should swift death our portion be,
Lord, in Paradise receive us,
Rest we there in peace with Thee.

*Varied from James Edmeston
(1791-1867), 1820.*

26

8.7.8.7.4.7.

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace ;
O refresh us
Travelling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of Thy salvation,
In our hearts and lives abound :
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

So whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Thee in endless day.

Author uncertain, 1773.

27

(PSALM LXIII.)

L. M.

O GOD, Thou art my God alone,
Early to Thee my soul shall cry,
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

Thee in the watches of the night
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

Better than life itself Thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth compared to Thee?

Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all Thy mercy I will give;
My soul shall still in Thee rejoice;
My tongue shall bless Thee while I live.

James Montgomery (1771-1854), 1822.

28

7.7.7.7.7.7.

FATHER, by Thy love and power
Comes again the evening hour ;
Light has vanished, labours cease,
Weary creatures rest in peace ;
We to Thee ourselves resign ;
Let our latest thoughts be Thine.

Saviour, to Thy Father bear
This our humble evening prayer ;
Thou hast seen how oft to-day
We like sheep have gone astray ;
Blessed Saviour, yet through Thee
Grant that we may pardoned be.

Holy Spirit, breathing balm,
Fall on us in evening's calm ;
Yet a while before we sleep,
We with Thee will vigil keep ;
Melt our spirits, mould our will,
Soften, strengthen, comfort still.

Blessed Trinity, be near
Through the hours of darkness drear ;
Watch o'er our defenceless head,
Keep all evil from our bed,
Till the flood of morning rays
Wake us to a song of praise.

*Varied from Joseph Anstice
(1808-1836), 1836.*

29

8.6.8.6.8.8.

LORD of my life, whose tender care
Hath led me on till now,
Here lowly at the hour of prayer
Before Thy throne I bow ;
I bless Thy gracious hand, and pray
Forgiveness for another day.

O may I daily, hourly strive
In heavenly grace to grow ;
To Thee and to Thy glory live,
Dead else to all below ;
Tread in the path my Saviour trod,
Though thorny, yet the path to God.

With prayer my humble praise I bring
For mercies day by day ;
Lord, teach my heart Thy love to sing,
Lord, teach me how to pray.
All that I have, and am, to Thee
I offer through eternity.

Author unknown, 1838.

30

L. M.

AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls,
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace,
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

O God our Light, to Thee we bow ;
Within all shadows standest Thou ;
Give deeper calm than night can bring ;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain ;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

Samuel Longfellow (U.S.A., b. 1819), 1859.

31

10.10.10.10.

ABIDE with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847), 1847.

32

8.8.8.8.8.8.

SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go ;
Thy word into our minds instil ;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release ;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.

Do more than pardon, give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like Thee.

Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled ;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared ;
Ah, never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call ;
O let Thy mercy make us glad :
Thou art our Jesus, and our All.

Frederick William Faber (1814-1863), 1849.

33

L. M.

O FATHER, who didst all things make,
That heaven and earth might do Thy will,
Bless us this eve for Jesus' sake,
And for Thy work preserve us still.

O Son, who didst redeem mankind,
And set the captive sinner free,
Keep us this eve with peaceful mind,
That we may safe abide with Thee.

O Holy Ghost, who by Thy power
The Church elect dost sanctify,
Seal us this eve, and hour by hour
These hearts and members purify.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore.

William Beadon Heathcote († 1862), 1846.

34

7.7.7.5.

HOLY Father, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray;
Grant us every closing day
Light at evening time.

Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears;
Grant us in our latter years
Light at evening time.

Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening time.

Holy, Blessed Trinity,
Darkness is not dark with Thee;
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening time.

Richard Hayes Robinson (b. 1842), 1869.

35

10.10.10.10.

S AVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise :
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease ;
Then lowly kneeling wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace through this approaching night ;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light ;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way ;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day ;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;
Then when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

John Ellerton (1826-1893), 1866 ; revised 1868.

36

P. M.

STAR of morn and even,
Sun of Heaven's heaven,
Saviour high and dear,
Toward us turn Thine ear;
Through whate'er may come,
Thou canst lead us home.

Though the gloom be grievous,
Those we leant on leave us,
Though the coward heart
Quit its proper part,
Though the tempter come,
Thou wilt lead us home.

Saviour, pure and holy,
Lover of the lowly,
Sign us with Thy sign,
Take our hands in Thine;
Take our hands and come,
Lead Thy children home.

Star of morn and even,
Shine on us from heaven:
From Thy glory-throne
Hear Thy very own:
Lord and Saviour, come,
Lead us to our home.

Francis Turner Palgrave (1824-1897), 1862.

37

L. M.

O LIGHT of life, O Saviour dear,
Before we sleep bow down Thine ear ;
Through dark and day, o'er land and sea,
We have no other hope but Thee.

Oft from Thy royal road we part,
Lost in the mazes of the heart ;
Our lamps put out, our course forgot,
We seek for God, and find Him not.

What sudden sunbeams cheer our sight !
What dawning risen upon the night !
Thou giv'st Thyself to us, and we
Find Guide and Path and all in Thee.

Through day and darkness, Saviour dear,
Abide with us more nearly near,
Till on Thy face we lift our eyes,
The Sun of God's own Paradise.

Praise God, our Maker and our Friend ;
Praise Him through time, till time shall end ;
Till psalm and song His name adore
Through Heaven's great day of Evermore.

Francis Turner Palgrave (1824-1897), 1865.

38

8.8.8.4.

THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store ;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

Our life is but a fading dawn,
Its glorious noon how quickly past !
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
Safe home at last.

O by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high ;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,

Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain ;

Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.

Godfrey Tbring (b. 1823), 1864.

39

L. M.

AT even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
O in what divers pains they met!
O with what joy they went away!

Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they, who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Saviour Christ, Thou too art man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;

Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

Henry Tawells (b. 1823), 1868.

40

L. M.

NOW at the night's return we raise
To Thee, our King, the voice of praise;
And may our prayer, set forth aright,
Ascend like incense in Thy sight.

Full well we know in whom we trust,
Whose hand exalts us from the dust,
Whose will assigns each day and hour,
Whose grace in weakness perfects power.

O'er all that stains our life-time past
The veil of Thy forgiveness cast;
Yea, cleanse our spirits through and through,
And set us right and keep us true.

Bless Thou the distant and the dear,
Let each to each in Thee draw near,
Still travelling towards our home above,
And leaning still on one strong love.

To Thee, O Christ, we lift our eyes,
On Thee alone our hope relies;
Thou wilt not, canst not, bring to shame
The hope that pleads Thy glorious Name.

William Bright (b. 1824), 1874.

41

8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light,
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

*First Stanza by Bishop Heber (1783-1826).
Second Stanza, from the Antiphon 'Salva
nos, Domine, vigilantes,' by Archbishop
Whately (1787-1863), 1855.*

42

L. M.

BEFORE the ending of the day,
Creator of the world, we pray
That with Thy wonted favour Thou
Wouldst be our Guard and Keeper now.

Uplift us with Thine arm of might,
So may our souls rise pure and bright;
With love divine our hearts inflame,
To praise Thee for Thy glorious Name.

Within our spirits ever dwell,
And worldly darkness thence expel;
The faith of old by saints professed
Root deep within our inmost breast.

Author of all things, gracious Guide,
In life be ever at our side;
And when the assaults of death impend,
Thy people strengthen and defend.

*John Mason Neale (1818-1866), 1851. From
the Hymn 'Te lucis ante terminum,' of the
eighth century or earlier.*

43

9.8.9.8.

BEFORE the day draws near its ending,
And evening steals o'er earth and sky,
Once more to Thee our hymns ascending
Shall speak Thy praises, Lord Most High.

Thy Name is blessed by countless numbers
In vaster worlds, unseen, unknown,
Whose duteous service never slumbers,
In perfect love, and faultless tone.

Yet Thou wilt not despise the weakest
Who here in spirit bend the knee ;
Thy Christ hath said, Thou, Father, seekest
For such as these to worship Thee.

And through the swell of chanting voices,
The blended notes of age and youth,
Thine ear discerns, Thy love rejoices
When hearts rise up to Thee in truth.

O Light all clear, O Truth all holy,
O boundless Mercy pardoning all,
Before Thy feet, abashed and lowly,
With one last prayer Thy children fall ;—

When we no more on earth adore Thee,
And others worship here in turn,
O may we sing that song before Thee,
Which none but Thy redeemed can learn.

John Ellerton (1826-1893), 1880.

44

7.6.7.6.8.8.

THE day is past and over ;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee !
I pray Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be :
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And save me through the coming night.

The toils of day are over ;
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be :
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

Be Thou my soul's preserver,
O God, for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go :
Lover of men, O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

*John Mason Neale (1818-1866), 1853 ; revised
1862. From the Greek of St. Anatolius,
† 458.*

45

L. M.

THE happy sunshine all is gone,
The gloomy night comes swiftly on,
But shine Thou still, O Christ our Light,
Nor let us lose ourselves in night.

We thank Thee, Father, that this day
Thy angels watched around our way,
And free from harm and vexing fear
Have led us on in safety here.

Lord, have we angered Thee to-day,
Remember not our sins, we pray,
But let Thy mercy o'er them sweep,
And give us calm and restful sleep.

Thine angels guard our sleeping hours,
And keep afar all evil powers;
And Thou all pain and mischief ward
From soul and body, faithful Lord.

*Catherine Winkworth (1829-1878), 1855. From
the German of Nicolaus Hermann, 1560.*

46

10.10.10.4.

THE night is come, wherein at last we rest ;
God order this and all things for the best :
Beneath His blessing fearless we may lie,
Since He is nigh.

Drive evil thoughts and spirits far away,
O Master, watch o'er us till dawning day ;
Body and soul alike from harm defend,
Thine angel send.

Let holy prayers and thoughts our latest be,
Let us awake with joy, still close to Thee,
In all serve Thee,—in every deed and thought
Thy praise be sought.

Give to the sick, as Thy belovèd, sleep,
And help the captive, comfort those who weep,
Care for the widows' and the orphans' woe,
Keep far our foe :

For we have none on whom for help to call,
Save Thee, O God in heaven, who car'st for all,
And wilt forsake them never day or night,
Who love Thee right.

Father, Thy Name be praised, Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be wrought as in our heavenly home,
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever.

*Catherine Winkworth (1829-1878), 1858. From
the German of Petrus Herbert († 1571), one
of the 'Bohemian Brethren.'*

47

7.7.6.7.7.8.

NOW all the woods are sleeping,
And night and stillness creeping
O'er earth with toil opprest;
But thou, my heart, awake thee,
To prayer a while betake thee,
And praise thy Maker ere thou rest.

Now thought and labour ceases,
For night the tired releases,
And bids sweet rest begin;
My heart, there comes a morrow
Shall set thee free from sorrow
And all the dreary toil of sin.

My Saviour, stay Thou by me,
And let no foe come nigh me,
Safe sheltered by Thy wing;
But would the foe alarm me,
O let him never harm me,
But still Thine angels round me sing.

*Catherine Winkworth (1829-1878), 1862. From
the German of Paulus Gerhardt (1607-
1676).*

48

9.8.9.8.

THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended;
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

John Ellerton (1826-1893), 1870.

49

6.6.6.6.8.8.

COME, sons of God, awake
To hail this sacred day,
And in glad songs of praise
Your grateful homage pay;
Come, bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

Upon this happy morn,
The Lord of Life arose;
He burst the bands of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now He pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all His love.

Then hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with Hosannas rings,
And earth, with humbler strains,
Thy praise in answer sings;—
'Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign!'

Thomas Cotterill (1779-1823), 1812.

SUNDAY

50

7.8.7.8.7.7.

IGHT of Light, enlighten me,
Now anew the day is dawning;
in of grace, the shadows flee,
hten Thou my Sabbath morning;
ith Thy joyous sunshine blest
appy is my day of rest.

ount of all our joy and peace,
Thy living waters lead me,
hou from earth my soul release,
with grace and mercy feed me;
less Thy word, that it may prove
ich in fruits that Thou dost love.

et me with my heart to-day,
ly, Holy, Holy,' singing,
apt a while from earth away,
my soul to Thee upspringing,
ave a foretaste inly given
ow they worship Thee in heaven.

*atherine Winkworth (1829-1878), 1858. From
the German of Benjamin Schmolck, 1714.*

51

(PSALM XCII.)

L. M.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy Name, give thanks and sing,
To shew Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

Soon shall I see and hear and know
All I desired or wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748), 1719.

52

S. M.

THIS is the day of light :
Let there be light to-day ;
O Day-spring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

This is the day of rest :
Our failing strength renew ;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

This is the day of peace :
Thy peace our spirits fill ;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

This is the day of prayer :
Let earth to heaven draw near ;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
Come down to meet us here.

This is the first of days :
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death.

John Ellerton (1826-1893), 1867.

53

7.6.7.6.D.

O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright:
On thee the high and lowly,
Before the eternal throne,
Sing 'Holy, Holy, Holy,'
To the great Three in One.

To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

May we, new graces gaining
From this our day of rest,
Attain the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
And there, our voice upraising
To Father and to Son
And Holy Ghost, be praising
Ever the Three in One.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth (1807-1885), 1862.

54

P. M.

AS Thou didst rest, O Father, o'er nature's finished
birth,
As Thou didst in Thy work rejoice, and bless the
new-born earth,
So give us now that Sabbath-rest, which makes
Thy children free,
Free for the work of love to man, of thankfulness
to Thee.

But in Thy worship, Father, O lift our souls above,
By holy word, by prayer and hymn, by eucharistic
love;
Till e'en the dull cold work of earth, the earth
which Christ hath trod,
Shall be itself a silent prayer, to raise us up to
God.

So lead us on to heaven, where, in Thy presence
blest,
The wicked cease from troubling, and the weary
are at rest,
Where faith is lost in vision, where love hath no
alloy,
And through eternity there flows the deepening
stream of joy.

To Thee, who giv'st us freedom, our Father and
our King;
To Thee, the risen Lord of Life, our ransomed
spirits sing;
Thou fill'st the Church in earth and heaven, O
Holy Ghost, to Thee
In warfare's toil, in victory's rest, eternal glory be.

Bishop Barry (b. 1826), 1876.

55

7.7.7.7.

MORN of morns, and day of days,
Beauteous were thy new-born rays:
Brighter yet from death's dark prison
Christ, the Light of lights, is risen.

He commanded, and His word
Death and the dread chaos heard;
O shall we, more deaf than they,
In the chains of darkness stay?

Unto hearts in slumber weak
Let the heavenly trumpet speak;
And a newer walk express
Their new life to righteousness.

Grant us this, and with us be,
O Thou Fount of charity,
Thou who dost the Spirit give,
Bidding the dead letter live.

Glory to the Father, Son,
And to Thee, O Holy One,
By whose quickening breath divine
Our dull spirits burn and shine.

*Isaac Williams (1802-1865), 1837. From the
Hymn of Charles Coffin 'Die dierum principe'
in the revised Paris Breviary, 1736. Varied
by compilers of Hymns A. and M., 1861.*

56

L.M.

THIS day, at Thy creating word
First o'er the earth the light was poured ;
O Lord, this day upon us shine,
And fill our souls with light divine.

This day the Lord, for sinners slain,
In might victorious rose again ;
O Jesu, may we raised be
From death of sin to life in Thee.

This day the Holy Spirit came
With fiery tongues of cloven flame ;
O Spirit, fill our hearts this day
With grace to hear, and grace to pray.

O day of light and life and grace,
From earthly toils sweet resting place,
Thy hallowed hours, best gift of love,
We give again to God above.

Bishop Walsbam Horu (1823-1897), 1854.

57

S. M.

OUR day of praise is done ;
The evening shadows fall ;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all.

Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

Too faint our anthems here ;
Too soon of praise we tire ;
But O the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir !

Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy Name.

A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end ;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

John Ellerton (1826-1893), 1868.

58

7.7.7.7.

ERE another Sabbath's close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord, our song ascends to Thee,
At Thy feet we bow the knee.

For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
Lord of earth and King of heaven.

Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin;
But Thou canst and wilt forgive;
By Thy grace alone we live.

Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May Thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last.

Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps Thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end.

Author unknown, 1826.

59

L. M.

O JESU, crucified for man,
O Lamb, all glorious on Thy throne,
Teach Thou our wondering souls to scan
The mystery of Thy love unknown.

We pray Thee, grant us strength to take
Our daily cross, whate'er it be,
And gladly for Thine own dear sake
In paths of pain to follow Thee.

As on our daily way we go,
Through light or shade, in calm or strife,
O may we bear Thy marks below
In conquered sin and chastened life.

And week by week this day we ask
That holy memories of Thy cross
May sanctify each common task,
And turn to gain each earthly loss.

Grant us, dear Lord, our cross to bear
Till at Thy feet we lay it down,
From warfare pass to triumph there,
And through the cross attain the crown.

Bishop Walsham How (1823-1897), 1871.

60

L. M.

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

O on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgement wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

*Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832), 1805. From the
'Dies irae' of Thomas of Celano, a Francis-
can Friar of the thirteenth century.*

61

8.7.8.7.4.7.

LO! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!
God appears, on earth to reign.

Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

Now Redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear;
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own:
O come quickly!
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone.

*John Gennick (1718-1755), 1752.
Varied by Charles Wesley, 1758.*

62

8.7.8.7.

COME, O Saviour long expected,
Born to set Thy people free ;
From our guilt and fear protected,
We shall find our rest in Thee.

Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints Thou art,
Blest Desire of every nation,
Joy of every Christian heart.

Born the chains of sin to sever,
Born a child, and yet a king,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

By Thine own eternal Spirit
In our hearts rule Thou alone ;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Varied from Charles Wesley (1707-1788), 1743.

63

S. M.

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all must soon appear,

Our anxious souls prepare
For that tremendous day;
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray;—

To pray and wait the hour,
The awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down.

O may we all be found
Obedient to Thy word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord.

O may we thus ensure
Our lot among the blest,
And watch a moment, to secure
An everlasting rest.

Charles Wesley (1707-1788), 1749.

64

C. M.

HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyelids of the blind
To pour celestial day.

He comes to bind the broken heart,
To make the wounded whole,
To preach glad tidings to the meek,
And bless the humble soul.

Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thine advent shall proclaim;
And earth and heaven shall join to sing
The glories of Thy Name.

Varied from Philip Doddridge (1702-1751), 1735.

65

L. M.

O SAVIOUR, is Thy promise fled,
Nor longer might Thy grace endure
To heal the sick, and raise the dead,
And preach Thy Gospel to the poor?

Come, Jesus, come ; return again ;
With brighter beam Thy servants bless,
Who long to feel Thy perfect reign,
And share Thy kingdom's happiness.

Come, Jesus, come ; and, as of yore
The prophet went to clear Thy way,
A harbinger Thy feet before,
A dawning to Thy brighter day ;

So now may grace with heavenly shower
Our stony hearts for truth prepare ;
Sow in our souls the seed of power,
Then come and reap Thy harvest there.

Bishop Heber (1783-1826), 1811.

66

(PSALM LXXII.)

L. M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748), 1719.

67

(PSALM LXXII.)

7.6.7.6.D.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth;
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go,
From hill to vale the fountains
Of righteousness o'erflow.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
To Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever,
His changeless Name of Love.

Varied from James Montgomery (1771-1854), 1822.

68

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

THE Lord of might from Sinai's brow
Gave forth his voice of thunder,
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretched in fear and wonder :
Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
And at His left hand and His right
The rocks were rent asunder.

The Lord of love on Calvary,
A meek and suffering stranger,
Upraised to heaven His languid eye,
In nature's hour of danger :
For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His blood to flow,
And met his Father's anger.

The Lord of love, the Lord of might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim His right,
On clouds of glory seated,
With trumpet-sound and angel-song,
And hallelujahs loud and long,
O'er death and hell defeated.

Bishop Heber (1783-1826).

69

8.7.8.7.

HARK! a thrilling voice is sounding;
‘Christ is nigh,’ it seems to say;
‘Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day.’

Wakened by the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ, her Sun, all ill dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven;
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all to be forgiven;

That, when next He comes with glory,
And the world is wrapped in fear,
With His mercy He may shield us,
And with words of love draw near.

Honour, glory, might, and blessing,
To the Father and the Son,
With the everlasting Spirit,
While eternal ages run.

*Edward Caswall (1814-1878). 1849. From the Hymn
‘Vox clara ecce intonat,’ perhaps of the fifth century,
as recast in the Roman Breviary. (Varied by com-
pilers of Hymns A. and M., 1861.)*

70

L. M.

ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Announces that the Lord is nigh;
Awake, and hearken, for he brings
Glad tidings of the King of kings.

Then cleansed be every breast from sin;
Make straight the way of God within;
Prepare we in our hearts a home,
Where such a mighty Guest may come.

For Thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our refuge, and our great reward;
Without Thy grace we waste away,
Like flowers that wither and decay.

To heal the sick stretch out Thine hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand;
Shine forth, and let Thy light restore
Earth's own true loveliness once more.

All praise, eternal Son, to Thee
Whose Advent doth Thy people free,
Whom with the Father we adore
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

*John Chandler (1806-1876), 1837. From the
Hymn 'Jordanis oras praeuia' of Charles
Coffin, in the Paris Breviary, 1736. (Varied
by compilers of Hymns A. and M., 1861.)*

71

D. S. M.

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb :
Then, gracious Lord, prepare
Our souls for that dread day ;
O wash us in Thy precious blood,
And take our sins away.

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more :
Then, gracious Lord, prepare
Our souls for that bright day ;
O wash us in Thy precious blood,
And take our sins away.

A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath-day :
Then, gracious Lord, prepare
Our souls for that sweet day ;
O wash us in Thy precious blood,
And take our sins away.

Yet but a little while,
And He shall come again
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign :
Then, gracious Lord, prepare
Our souls for that glad day ;
O wash us in Thy precious blood,
And take our sins away.

Horatius Bonar (1808-1889), 184

72

L. M.

WHEN Christ from heaven came down of old,
He took our nature poor and low ;
He wore no form of angel mould,
But shared our weakness and our woe.

But when He cometh back once more,
Then shall be set the great white throne ;
And earth and heaven shall flee before
The face of Him who sits thereon.

O Son of God, in glory crowned,
The Judge ordained of quick and dead ;
O Son of Man, so pitying found
For all the tears Thy people shed ;

Be with us in that awful hour,
And by Thy crown, and by Thy grave,
By all Thy love and all Thy power,
In that great day of Judgement save.

Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-1895), 1858.

73

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

GREAT God, what do I see and hear?
 The end of things created !
 The Judge of all men doth appear,
 On clouds of glory seated ;
 The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
 The dead, which they contained before :
 Prepare my soul, to meet Him.

The dead in Christ shall first arise,
 At the last trumpet's sounding,
 Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding :
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet Him.

But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
 Behold His wrath prevailing ;
 For they shall rise, and find their tears
 And sighs are unavailing :
 The day of grace is past and gone ;
 Trembling they stand before the throne,
 All unprepared to meet Him.

O Jesu, friend to fallen man,
 To me impart Thy merit ;
 Forgive my sin, wash out its stain,
 By Thine Almighty Spirit.
 The trumpet sounds ; the Judge is near ;
 But then my soul, devoid of fear,
 Shall spring with joy to meet Him.

*First stanza anonymous, 1802 ; the rest by
 William B. Collyer, 1812, Thomas Cotterill,
 1819, and others.*

74

8.8.8.8.8.

O COME, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.

O come, Thou Day-spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.

O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.

O come, O come, Thou Lord of Might,
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient time didst give the law
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.

*John Mason Neale (1818-1866), 1851. From
the Hymn 'Veni, Veni, Emmanuel,' probably
of the twelfth century. (Varied by compilers
of Hymns A. and M.)*

75

(ISAIAH IX. 2-7.)

C. M.

THE people that in darkness sat
A glorious light have seen;
The Light has shined on them who long
In shades of death have been.

To hail Thee, Sun of Righteousness,
The gathering nations come;
They joy as when the reapers bear
Their harvest treasures home.

For Thou their burden dost remove,
And break the tyrant's rod,
As in the day when Midian fell
Before the sword of God.

For unto us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given,
And on His shoulder ever rests
All power in earth and heaven.

His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
The everlasting Lord,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The God by all adored.

His righteous government and power
Shall over all extend;
On judgement and on justice based,
His reign shall have no end.

Lord Jesus, reign in us, we pray,
And make us Thine alone,
Who with the Father ever art
And Holy Spirit One.

*John Morison (1749-1798), 1781. In 'Scottish
Translations and Paraphrases.' (Recast for
Hymns A. and M., 1861.)*

76 .

L. M.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by
night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

'Fear not,' said he; for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

'To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign,—

'The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.'

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song,—

'All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.'

Nabum Tate, 1702.

77

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

HARK! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Hark! the Herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Christ by highest heaven adored;
Christ the Everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb:
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail, the Incarnate Deity!
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings:
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Varied from Charles Wesley (1707-1788), 1739.

78

IRREGULAR.

O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem :
Come and behold Him,
Born, the King of angels ;—
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo ! He abhors not the Virgin's womb ;
Very God,
Begotten, not created ;—

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
'Glory to God
In the highest' ;—

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning :
Jesus, to Thee be glory given ;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing ;—

Frederick Oakley (1802-1880), 1852. From the Hymn 'Adeste, fideles,' probably of the seventeenth or eighteenth century. (Varied by compilers of Hymns A. and M., 1861.)

79

P. M.

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
Kings, from far your footsteps guiding
By the star's unfailing light,
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending
In His temple shall appear;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

Varied from James Montgomery (1771-1854), 1819.

80

7.7.7.7.

FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Constant through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Father, and Redeemer, hear.

In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own;
Help, O help us to endure,
Fit us for the promised crown.

So within Thy palace-gate
We shall praise on golden strings
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

Henry Downton (1818-1885), 1841.

81

11.10.11.10.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Bishop Heber (1783-1826), 1811.

82

7.7.7.7.7.

AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee our heavenly King.

Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

William Chatterton Dix (1837-1898), 1860.

83

8.7.8.7.

EARTH has many a noble city ;
Bethlehem, thou dost all excel :
Out of thee the Lord from heaven
Came to rule His Israel.

Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told His birth,
To the world its God announcing,
Seen in fleshly form on earth.

Eastern sages at His cradle
Make oblations rich and rare ;
See them give, in deep devotion,
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh ;—

Sacred gifts of mystic meaning :
Incense doth their God disclose,
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,
Myrrh His sepulchre foreshows.

Jesu, whom the Gentiles worshipped
At Thy glad Epiphany,
Unto Thee, with God the Father
And the Spirit, glory be.

Edward Caswall (1814-1878), 1849. From the poem 'Quicumque Christum quaeritis' of Aurelius Prudentius Clemens (348-413). (Varied by Compilers of Hymns A. and M., 1861.)

84

C. M.

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God, above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed great and small
In peace and order move.

The moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run ;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its sun.

One Name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display ;
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

Two worlds are ours ; 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

John Keble (1792-1866), 1819.

85

D. C. M.

O LORD, turn not Thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life
With tears and bitter cry ;
Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin :
O shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.

We need not to confess our fault,
For surely Thou canst tell ;
What we have done, and what we are
Thou knowest very well ;
Wherefore to beg and to entreat
With tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

And need we then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know before we speak
The thing that we would have ?
Mercy, O Lord, mercy we seek ;
This is the total sum ;
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer :
O let Thy mercy come.

*Varied by Bishop Heber (1783-1826),
from J. Marckant, 1561.*

86

(PSALM LI.)

S. M.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As Thou wert ever kind ;
Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin ;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt hath been.

Withdraw not Thou Thy help,
Nor cast me from Thy sight ;
Nor let Thy Holy Spirit take
Its everlasting flight.

The joy Thy favour gives
Let me again obtain,
And Thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

87

8.8.8.6.

JUST as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind ;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am (Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down),
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871), 1836.

88

8.7.8.7.

SAVIOUR, when temptations try us,
And our strength is like to fail,
May the thought that Thou art by us
Lend us courage to prevail.

If the foe has dared to enter,
Fought, and turned at last to flee,
Take away our pride, and centre
All our gratitude on Thee.

If the conflict overtake us,
And we fight and fail to win,
Banish blind despair, and make us
Braver in the war with sin.

Should we e'er in mean submission
Basely yield without a blow,
May the tears of true contrition
Testify our shame and woe.

Saviour, Thou hast known temptation,
Thou hast felt its deadly power;
Succour us with Thy salvation,
Aid us in the evil hour.

E. W. Howson, 1881.

89

C. M.

O HELP us, Lord ; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give ;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

O help us when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore ;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

O help us through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe ;
For still, the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

O help us, Jesus, from on high ;
We know no help but Thee :
O help us so to live and die,
As Thine in heaven to be.

Dean Milman (1791-1868), 1827.

90

L. M.

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Try us, and prove our treacherous heart,
And bid the power of sin depart.

As through this vale of tears we stray,
Be Thou our light, be Thou our stay;
Mark out the pilgrim's heavenly road,
That leads us to the mount of God.

If storms and tempests cloud our way,
Our strength proportion to our day;
Nor storms nor tempests need we fear,
If Thou, our Sun and Shield, be near.

Guide and uphold us with Thy hand,
Till we arrive at Canaan's land,
The land where sin and death shall cease,
The land of rest, and joy, and peace.

*John Wesley (1703-1791), 1738. Founded on
the German of Count von Zinzendorf, 1721.*

91

M.

O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
 I lift my heart to Thee;
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
 Good Lord, remember me.

When on my fearful burdened heart
 My sins lie heavily,
 Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart:
 In love remember me.

When trials sore obstruct my way,
 And ills I cannot flee,
 O let my strength be as my day:
 Good Lord, remember me.

If on my face, for Thy dear Name,
 Shame and reproaches be,
 All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
 If Thou remember me.

When in the solemn hour of death
 I wait Thy just decree,
 Saviour, with my last parting breath
 I'll cry, 'Remember me.'

And when before Thy throne I stand,
 And lift my eyes to Thee,
 Then, with the saints at Thy right hand,
 Receive and pardon me.

Varied from Thomas Haweis (1732-1820), 1792.

92

7.7.7.7.7.7.

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour, we seek Thy shelter here;
Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray;
Turn not Thy suppliants, Lord, away.

Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought Thy rest in vain,
Wandering in doubt, in darkness lost;
Long have our souls been tempest-tost;
Low at Thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not Thy suppliants, Lord, away.

Bishop Heber (1783-1826).

93

L. M.

‘TAKE up the cross,’ the Saviour said,
‘If thou wouldst My disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after Me.’

Take up the cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

Take up the cross, nor heed the shame,
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured
To save thy soul from death and hell.

Take up the cross then in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave;
It guides thee to a better home,
And gives thee victory o’er the grave.

Take up the cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to win and wear the crown.

*Varied from Charles William Everest
(U.S.A., 1814-1877), 1833.*

94

C. M.

LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

Help us through good report and ill
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

If joy should at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
'Father, Thy will be done.'

Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven.

John Hampden Gurney (1802-1862), 1838.

95

7.7.7.5.

LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the Life and Light,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite,
Jesus, hear and save.

Who, when sin's tremendous doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn the Virgin's womb,
Jesus, hear and save.

Mighty monarch, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesus, hear and save.

Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on ~~angels'~~ wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save.

Who shalt yet return from high,
Robed in might and majesty,
Hear us, help us when we cry:
Jesus, hear and save.

Bishop Heber (1783-1826), 1811.

96

7.7.7.6.

JESU, Life of those who die,
Advocate with God on high,
Hope of immortality,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Thou, whose death to mortals gave
Power to triumph o'er the grave;
Living now from death to save,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Thou, before whose great white throne
All transgression must be shown;
Pleading now for us thine own,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Thou, whose death was borne that we,
From the power of Satan free,
Might not die eternally,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Thou, who dost a place prepare,
That in heavenly mansions fair
Sinners may Thy glory share,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Thomas Benson Pollock (1836-1896), 1875.

97

7.7.7.

HEAL me, O my Saviour, heal;
Heal me as I suppliant kneel;
Heal me, and my pardon seal.

Fresh the wounds that sin hath made;
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,
And in mercy send me aid.

Thou the true Physician art;
Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.

Other comforters are gone;
Thou canst heal, and Thou alone,
Thou for all my sin atone.

Heal me then, my Saviour, heal;
Heal me as I suppliant kneel:
To Thy mercy I appeal.

Godfrey Thring (b. 1823), 1866.

98

8.8.8.6.

O THOU, the contrite sinners' Friend,
Who loving lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me.

When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And fainting I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

When I have erred and gone astray
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy Cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, O plead for me.

And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say Thou hast washed them all away;
O say, Thou plead'st for me.

Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871), 1835.

99

7.7.7.7.7.

SON of Man, to Thee we cry;
 By the wondrous mystery
 Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
 By Thy pure and holy birth,
 Lord, Thy presence let us see,
 Thou our Light and Saviour be.

Lamb of God, to Thee we cry;
 By Thy bitter agony,
 By Thy pangs, to us unknown,
 By Thy spirit's parting groan,
 Lord, Thy presence let us see,
 Thou our Light and Saviour be.

Prince of Life, to Thee we cry;
 By Thy glorious majesty,
 By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
 By Thy power to help and save,
 Lord, Thy presence let us see,
 Thou our Light and Saviour be.

Lord of Glory, God most high,
 Man exalted to the sky,
 With Thy love our bosom fill;
 Help us to perform Thy will;
 Then Thy glory we shall see,
 Thou wilt bring us home to Thee.

Bishop Mant (1776-1848), 1837.

100

7.7.7.

LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere the hour of doom appears.

Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forgo.

Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace
Ere we shall behold Thy face.

Isaac Williams (1802-1865), 1844.

101

6.5.6.5.D.

I N the hour of trial,
Jesu, pray for me,
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee;
When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favour
Suffer me to fall.

With forbidden pleasures
Should this vain world charm,
Or its tempting treasures
Spread to work me harm,
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe,
Or should pain attend me
On my path below,
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On Thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Jesu, take me, dying,
To eternal life.

Varied from James Montgomery (1771-1854), 1834.

IO2

7.6.7.6.D.

ALL glory, laud, and honour
 To Thee, Redeemer, King!
 To whom the lips of children
 Made sweet Hosannas ring.

Thou art the King of Israel,
 Thou David's royal Son,
 Who in the Lord's Name comest,
 The King and Blessèd One.
 All glory, laud, and honour
 To Thee, Redeemer, King!
 To whom the lips of children
 Made sweet Hosannas ring.

The company of angels
 Are praising Thee on high,
 And mortal men and all things
 Created make reply.

The people of the Hebrews
 With palms before Thee went;
 Our praise and prayer and anthems
 Before Thee we present.

To Thee before Thy Passion
 They sang their hymns of praise;
 To Thee now high exalted
 Our melody we raise.

Thou didst accept their praises;
 Accept the prayers we bring,
 Who in all good delightest,
 Thou good and gracious King.

*John Mason Neale (1818-1866), 1859. From the
 Hymn 'Gloria, laus, et honor' of St. Theodulphe of Orleans, † 821.*

103

L. M.

RIDE on, ride on in majesty;
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry:
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road,
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

Ride on, ride on in majesty;
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on, ride on in majesty;
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching Sacrifice.

Ride on, ride on in majesty;
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on His sapphire throne
Awaits His own anointed Son.

Ride on, ride on in majesty;
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

Varied from Dean Milman (1791-1868), 1827.

104

8.8.8.8.7.

HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing.
Hosanna in the highest!

Hosanna, Lord, Thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord, Thy saints reply:
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.

O Saviour, with protecting care
Return to this Thy house of prayer,
Where we Thy parting promise claim,
Assembled in Thy sacred Name.

But chiefest in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.

So in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

Bishop Heber (1783-1826), 1811.

105

7.7.77.

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear :
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin ;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

Thou the shame, the grief hast known ;
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear :
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our frail departed souls ;
When our final doom is near,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the atoning blood hast shed,
Thou hast risen from the grave ;
Holy Jesus, hear and save.

Dean Milman (1791-1868), 1827.

106

7.7.7.7.7.

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye who feel the tempter's power ;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour :
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn from Him to watch and pray.

See Him at the judgement-hall,
Beaten, bound, reviled, arraigned ;
See Him meekly bearing all ;
Love to man His soul sustained :
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
Learn of Christ to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain view ;
There the Lord of Glory see,
Made a sacrifice for you,
Dying on the accursed tree :
'It is finished,' hear Him cry,
Trust in Christ, and learn to die.

Early to the tomb repair,
Where they laid His breathless clay ;
Angels kept their vigils there ;
Who hath taken Him away ?
Christ is risen, He seeks the skies :
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

James Montgomery (1771-1854), 1825.

107

7.7.7.7.7.7.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling:
Could my zeal no languor know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgement throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

*Varied from Augustus Montague Toplady
(1740-1778), 1776.*

108

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee,
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes ;
O by all the pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany.

By Thy helpless infant years ;
By Thy life of want and tears ;
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness ;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power ;
Turn, O turn a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn Litany.

By Thine hour of dire despair ;
By Thine agony of prayer ;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn ;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice ;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn Litany.

By Thy deep expiring groan ;
By the sad sepulchral stone ;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God ;
O from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen, to the cry
Of our solemn Litany.

Sir Robert Grant (1785-1838), 1815.

109

L. M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ, my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748), 1709.

110

L. M.

O COME and mourn with me awhile,
O come ye to the Saviour's side;
O come, together let us mourn:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Seven times He spake, seven words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

A broken heart, a fount of tears
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart love's cradle is:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

O love of God, O sin of man,
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love,
For He, our Love, is crucified.

Frederick William Faber (1814-1863), 1849.

III

7.6.7.6.D.

O SACRED Head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn!
O bleeding Head, so wounded,
Reviled, and put to scorn!
Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,
The glow of life decays,
Yet angel-hosts adore Thee,
And tremble as they gaze.

I see Thy strength and vigour
All fading in the strife,
And death with cruel rigour
Bereaving Thee of life;
O agony and dying!
O love to sinners free!
Jesu, all grace supplying,
O turn Thy face on me.

In this Thy bitter Passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
With Thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be:
Beneath Thy Cross abiding
For ever would I rest,
In Thy dear love confiding,
And with Thy presence blest.

*Sir Henry W. Baker (1821-1877), 1861. From
the Hymn 'Salve, caput cruentatum,' perhaps
by St. Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153).*

112

7.7.7.

ALL is over;—in the tomb
Sleeps He, 'mid its silent gloom,
Till the dawn of Easter come.

All is over; fought the fight;
Heaviness is for a night,
Joy comes with the morning light.

Leave we in the grave with Him
Sins that shame and doubts that dim,
If our souls would rise with Him.

Glory to the Lord, who gave
His pure body to the grave,
Us from sin and death to save.

William S. Raymond (1832-1863).

113

7.7.7.7.

JESUS Christ is risen to-day,
 Our triumphant holy-day,
 Who did once upon the Cross
 Suffer to redeem our loss.

Hallelujah!
 Hallelujah!
 Hallelujah!
 Hallelujah!

Hymns of praise then let us sing
 Unto Christ our heavenly King,
 Who endured the Cross and grave
 Sinners to redeem and save.

Hallelujah!
 Hallelujah!
 Hallelujah!
 Hallelujah!

But the pains which He endured
 Our salvation have procured:
 Now He reigns above the sky,
 Where the angels ever cry,

Hallelujah!
 Hallelujah!
 Hallelujah!
 Hallelujah!

*By unknown authors, 1708, 1749; varied later.
 First verse founded on the Hymn 'Surrexit
 Christus hodie,' of the fourteenth century.*

114

7.6.7.6.D.

THE day of Resurrection !
 Earth, tell it out abroad ;
 The Passover of gladness,
 The Passover of God !
 From death to life eternal,
 From this world to the sky,
 Our Christ hath brought us over,
 With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,
 That we may see aright
 The Lord in rays eternal
 Of Resurrection light :
 And, listening to His accents,
 May hear, so calm and plain,
 His own 'All hail!'—and, hearing,
 May raise the victor strain.

Now let the heavens be joyful,
 Let earth her song begin ;
 Let the round world keep triumph,
 And all that is therein ;
 Invisible and visible
 Their notes let all things blend,
 For Christ the Lord hath risen,
 Our joy that hath no end.

*John Mason Neale (1818-1866), 1862. From
 the Hymn 'Ἀναστάσεως ἡμέρα' of St. John
 of Damascus, ✠ c. 780.*

115

7.6.7.6.D.

COME, ye faithful, raise the strain
 Of triumphant gladness;
 God hath brought His Israel
 Into joy from sadness;
 Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
 Jacob's sons and daughters;
 Led them with unmoisten'd foot
 Through the Red Sea waters.

'Tis the spring of souls to-day;
 Christ hath burst His prison,
 And from three days' sleep in death
 As a sun hath risen:
 All the winter of our sins,
 Long and dark, is flying
 From His light, to whom we give
 Laud and praise undying.

Now the queen of seasons, bright
 With the day of splendour,
 With the royal feast of feasts,
 Comes its joy to render;
 Comes to glad Jerusalem,
 Who with true affection
 Welcomes in unwearied strains
 Jesu's Resurrection.

Alleluia now we cry
 To our King Immortal,
 Who triumphant burst the bars
 Of the tomb's dark portal;
 Alleluia, with the Son
 God the Father praising;
 Alleluia yet again
 To the Spirit raising.

*John Mason Neale (1818-1866), 1859. From the Hymn
 "Ἀἰσωμεν πάντες λαοὶ" of St. John of Damascus,
 † c. 780; last verse by compilers of Hymns A. and M.*

116

8.8.8.

THE strife is o'er, the battle done,
The triumph of the Lord is won;
O let the song of praise be sung,
Alleluia !

The powers of death have done their worst,
And Jesus hath His foes dispersed;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst,
Alleluia !

On that third morn He rose again
In glorious majesty to reign;
O let us swell the joyful strain,
Alleluia !

He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let songs of joy His triumphs tell,
Alleluia !

Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee
Alleluia !

*Francis Pott (b. 1832), 1860. From the Hymn
'Finita jam sunt praelia,' perhaps of the twelfth
century.*

117

P.M.

JESUS lives; thy terrors now
Can no longer, Death, appal us:
Jesus lives; by this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.
Hallelujah!

Jesus lives; henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Hallelujah!

Jesus lives; for us He died;
Then alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Hallelujah!

Jesus lives; our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever,
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Hallelujah!

Jesus lives; to Him the throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Hallelujah!

*Varied from Frances Elizabeth Cox, 1841. From
the German of Christian F. Gellert, 1757.*

118

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

AT the Lamb's high feast we sing
 Praise to our victorious King,
 Who hath washed us in the tide
 Flowing from His piercèd side.
 Praise we Him, whose love divine
 Gives His guests His blood for wine,
 Gives His body for the feast;
 Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.
 Where the Paschal blood is poured,
 Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
 Israel's hosts triumphant go
 Through the wave that drowns the foe.
 Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed,
 Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread;
 With sincerity and love
 Eat the Manna from above.

Mighty Victim from the sky,
 Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
 Thou hast conquered in the fight;
 Thou hast brought us life and light;
 Now no more can death appal,
 Now no more the grave enthal;
 Thou hast opened Paradise,
 And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

Easter triumph, Easter joy,
 Sin alone can this destroy;
 From sin's power do Thou set free
 Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.
 Hymns of glory and of praise,
 Father, unto Thee we raise;
 Risen Lord, all praise to Thee,
 With the Spirit, ever be.

Robert Campbell (1814-1868), 1849. From the Hymn 'Ad regias Agni dapes,' recast by Urban VIII, 1629, from the Hymn, 'Ad coenam Agni providi,' of the eighth century or earlier.

119

8.7.8.7.D.

ALLELUIA ! Alleluia ! hearts and voices heaven-
ward raise ;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness, sing to God a
hymn of praise :
He, who on the Cross a victim for the world's
salvation bled,
Jesus Christ, the King of Glory, now is risen from
the dead.

Christ is risen, Christ the firstfruits of the holy
harvest-field,
Which shall all its full abundance at His second
coming yield :
Then the golden ears of harvest shall their heads
before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine from the furrows
of the grave.

Jesu, we in Thee are risen ; shed on us Thy
quickenings grace,
Rain and dew and gleams of glory from the bright-
ness of Thy face ;
That with hearts in heaven dwelling, we on earth
may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered safe for evermore
with Thee.

*Varied from Bishop Christopher Wordsworth
(1807-1885), 1862.*

120

7.7.7.7.

HAIL the day that sees Him rise
Glorious to His native skies!
Christ, a while to mortals given,
Enters now the highest heaven.

There the glorious triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates:
Christ has vanquished death and sin;
Take the King of Glory in.

Lo! the heaven its Lord receives,
Yet He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

Lord, though parted from our sight,
Far above the starry height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Seeking Thee above the skies.

There we shall with Thee remain
Partners of Thy endless reign,
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.

*Charles Wesley (1707-1788), 1739. Varied
by Thomas Cotterill, 1820.*

121

C.M.

THE eternal gates lift up their heads,
The doors are opened wide ;
The King of Glory is gone up
Unto His Father's side.

Thou art gone in before us, Lord,
Thou hast prepared a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon Thy face.

And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies ;
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veils Thee from our eyes.

Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
And let Thy grace be given,
That, while we linger yet below,
Our treasure be in heaven ;

That, where Thou art at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love, may be :
Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-1895), 1852.

122

8.7.8.7.D.

ALLELUIA! sing to Jesus,
His the sceptre, His the throne ;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone:
Hark! the songs of holy Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood,
'Jesus out of every nation
Hath redeemed us by His blood.'

Alleluia! not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now ;
Alleluia! He is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how:
Though the cloud from sight received Him
When the forty days were o'er,
Shall our hearts forget His promise,
'I am with you evermore'?

Alleluia! Bread of angels,
Thou on earth our food, our stay ;
Alleluia! here the sinful
Flee to Thee from day to day:
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

Alleluia! sing to Jesus,
His the sceptre, His the throne ;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone:
Hark! the songs of peaceful Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood,
'Jesus out of every nation
Hath redeemed us by His blood.'

William Chatterton Dix (1837-1898), 1866.

123

6.5.6.5.T.

GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened,
Opened for the King.
Christ the King of Glory,
Jesus, King of Love,
Is gone up in triumph
To His throne above.
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended,
Glory to our King!

He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die,
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high.

Praying for His children
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace,
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you,
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.

Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879), 1871.

124

D.S.M.

THOU art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies,
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise;
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care opprest;
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to Thy rest.

Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony
To pass unto Thy crown;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train:
O by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At Thy right hand on high.

Emma Toke (1812-1872), 1851.

125

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

HE is gone—beyond the skies,
A cloud receives Him from our eyes ;
Gone beyond the highest height
Of mortal gaze or angels' flight ;
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the Holiest place ;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

He is gone—and we remain
In this world of sin and pain ;
In the void which He has left
On this earth, of Him bereft.
We have still His work to do,
We can still His path pursue ;
Seek him both in friend and foe,
In ourselves His image show.

He is gone—we heard Him say,
' Good that I should go away.'
Gone is that dear Form and Face,
But not gone His present grace.
Though Himself no more we see,
Comfortless we cannot be—
No ! His Spirit still is ours,
Quickening, freshening all our powers.

He is gone—but not in vain ;
Wait until He comes again :
He is risen, He is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere ;
Evermore, in heart and mind,
There our peace in Him we find ;
To our own Eternal Friend
Thitherward let us ascend.

Dean Stanley (1815-1881), 1859.

126

L.M.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love;
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both to be but One:
That through the ages all along
This may be our endless song,
Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit!

*Bishop Cosin (1564-1672), 1627. From the
Hymn 'Veni, Creator Spiritus,' of the
tenth century, or earlier.*

127

L. M.

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God ;
Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray.

Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest ;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share,
Fulness of joy for ever there.

Varied from Simon Browne (1680-1732), 1720.

128

7.7.7.7.

HOLY SPIRIT, Truth divine,
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Voice of God, and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

Holy Spirit, Love divine,
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire,
Perish self in Thy pure fire.

Holy Spirit, Power divine,
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear and nobly strive.

Holy Spirit, Right divine,
Reign within this soul of mine;
Be my law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, for ever free.

Holy Spirit, Peace divine,
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.

Holy Spirit, Joy divine,
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing
'Spring, O well, for ever spring.'

Samuel Longfellow (U.S.A., b. 1819), 1864.

129

L. M.

SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
O shed Thine influence from above,
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

In every clime, by every tongue
Be God's surpassing glory sung;
Let all the listening earth be taught
The acts our great Redeemer wrought.

Unfailing Comfort, Heavenly Guide,
Still o'er Thy holy Church preside;
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

Author unknown, 1774.

130

C. M.

WHEN God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath He came ;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

So when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

It fills the Church of God ; it fills
The sinful world around ;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

Come Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear ;
Let us not miss the accepted hour ;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

John Keble (1792-1866), 1827.

131

8.6.8.4.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
With us to dwell.

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see :
O make our hearts Thy dwelling place,
And meet for Thee.

Harriet Auber (1773-1862), 1829.

132

L. M.

SPIRIT of God, that moved of old
Upon the waters' darkened face,
Come, when our faithless hearts are cold,
And stir them with an inward grace.

Thou, that art Power and Peace combined,
All highest Strength, all purest Love,
The rushing of the mighty wind,
The brooding of the gentle dove,

O give us still Thy powerful aid,
And urge us on, and keep us Thine;
Nor leave the hearts that once were made
Fit temples for Thy grace divine.

Nor let us quench Thy sevenfold light;
But still with softest breathings stir
Our wayward souls, and lead us right,
O Holy Ghost, our Comforter.

Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-1895), 1852.

133

7.7.7.

HOLY GHOST, my Comforter,
Now from highest heaven appear,
Shed Thy gracious radiance here.

What without Thy aid is wrought,
Skilful deed or wisest thought,
God will count but vain and nought.

Bend the stubborn will to Thine,
Melt the cold with fire divine,
Erring hearts aright incline.

Grant us, Lord, who cry to Thee,
Steadfast in Thy faith to be;
Give Thy gifts of charity.

May we live in holiness,
And in death find happiness,
And abide with Thee in bliss.

*Catherine Winkworth (1829-1878), 1862.
From a German translation of the Se-
quence 'Veni, Sancte Spiritus,' probably
by Innocent III (1161-1216).*

134

P. M.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !
Early in the morning our song shall rise to
Thee ;

Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity !

Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the
glassy sea,
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy ! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy Glory may
not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth,
and sky, and sea ;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity !

Bishop Heber (1783-1826).

135

L. M.

FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy quickening power extend.

Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son—
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

Edward Cooper (1770-1833), 1805.

136

6.6.6.6.8.8.

I GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here
And better hopes above ;
He sent His own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with His blood
From everlasting woe ;
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live ;
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One :
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748), 1709.

137

7.7.5.7.7.5.

GREAT Creator, Lord of all,
Father, Friend, on Thee we call,
Hear Thy children's prayer:
Guard us, rule us, as is best,
With Thy loving favour blest,
Till we reach Thy home of rest,
And are with Thee there.

Jesu, who for man didst die,
Who dost plead Thy death on high,
And our place prepare,
From sin's bondage set us free,
Lead us onward after Thee,
Till with joy Thy Face we see,
And Thy likeness wear.

Holy Spirit, Life, and Light,
Wisdom, Purenness, Love, and Might,
Fallen souls restore;
Guide our spirits when we pray,
Cheer us, help us on our way,
Make us holier day by day,
Till we sin no more.

Ever blessèd Three in One,
May Thy will in us be done,
Shew in us Thy love;
Keep us Thine while here below,
Make us in Thy grace to grow,
And at last Thy glory know
In the world above.

Thomas Benson Pollock (1836-1896), 1876.

138

8.8.8.

O GOD of life, whose power benign
Doth o'er the world in mercy shine,
Accept our praise, for we are Thine.

O Father, uncreated Lord,
Be Thou in every land adored,
Be Thou by all with faith implored.

O Son of God, for sinners slain,
We bless Thee, Lord, whose dying pain
For us did endless life regain.

O Holy Ghost, whose guardian care
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,
May we in Thy communion share.

O holy, blessèd Trinity,
With faith we sinners bow to Thee;
In us, O God, exalted be.

Arthur T. Russell (1806-1874), 1848.

139

7.7.7.5.

THREE in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and psalm.

Light of lights, with morning shine;
Lift on us Thy light divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

Light of lights, when falls the even,
Let it close on sins forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of heaven,
Shed a holy calm.

Three in One, and One in Three,
Dimly here we worship Thee;
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm.

*Gilbert Rorison (1821-1869), 1849,
based on two Latin hymns.*

140

(REV. VII. 13-17.)

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

WHAT are these in bright array,
 This innumerable throng,
 Round the altar, night and day,
 Hymning one triumphant song?
 'Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
 Blessing, honour, glory, power,
 Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
 New dominion every hour.'

These through fiery trials trod;
 These from great afflictions came;
 Now before the throne of God,
 Sealed with His almighty Name,
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor palms in every hand,
 Through their dear Redeemer's might
 More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed;
 Them the Lamb amidst the throne
 Shall to living fountains lead:
 Joy and gladness banish sighs;
 Perfect love dispels all fear;
 And for ever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away the tear.

James Montgomery (1771-1854), 1819.

141

(REV. VII. 13-17.)

C. M.

HOW bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes that shine so bright.

Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad Hosannas ring.

The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

'Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear,
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

*Isaac Watts (1674-1748), 1709. Altered in
'Scottish Translations and Paraphrases,' 1745,
and by W. Cameron, 1781.*

142

(REV. VII. 13-17.)

L. M.

LO! round the throne, at God's right hand,
The saints in countless myriads stand,
Of every tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

Through tribulation great they came,
And bore the cross, and scorned the shame ;
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

Hunger and thirst they feel no more,
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore ;
The tear is wiped from every eye,
And sorrow yields to endless joy.

They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His grace ;
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
And thus the loud Hosannas raise ;—

' Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign !
Thou hast redeemed us by Thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to God.'

Mary L. Duncan (1814-1840).

143

8.7.8.7.7.7.

WHO are these, like stars appearing,
These before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing;
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia! hark, they sing,
Praising loud their Heavenly King.

Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness;
These whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouch'd by time's rude hand—
Whence came all this glorious band?

These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These who well the fight sustained
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

*Frances Elizabeth Cox, 1841. From the
German of Heinrich T. Schenck, † 1727.*

144

C. M

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain ;
His blood-red banner streams afar ;
Who follows in His train ?

Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His cross below,
He follows in His train.

The martyr first whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave ;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save ;

Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them who did the wrong :
Who follows in His train ?

A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil and pain :
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

Bishop Heber (1783-1826)

145

8.8.8.8.8.

THE saints of God, their conflict past,
And life's long battle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword;
They cast them down before their Lord:
O happy saints, for ever blest,
At Jesus' feet how safe your rest!

The saints of God, their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal:
O happy saints, for ever blest,
In that dear home how sweet your rest!

The saints of God, life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:
O happy saints, for ever blest,
In that calm haven of your rest!

The saints of God their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
Till from the dust they too shall rise,
And soar triumphant to the skies:
O happy saints, rejoice and sing,
He quickly comes, your Lord and King.

O God of saints, to Thee we cry;
O Saviour, plead for us on high;
O Holy Ghost, our Guide and Friend,
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end,
That with all saints our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with Thee.

Archbishop Maclagan (b. 1826), 1870.

146

S. M.

O WHAT, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the cross.

Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where on the bosom of their God
They rest in perfect love.

Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here.

Enough, if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

Sir Henry W. Baker (1821-1877), 1852.

147

8.7.8.7.D.

HARK! the sound of holy voices
Chanting at the crystal sea
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Alleluia, Lord, to Thee:
Multitude, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stands,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.

Patriarch and holy prophet,
Who prepared the way of Christ,
King, apostle, saint, confessor,
Martyr, and evangelist,
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

Marching with Thy cross their banner
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of Salvation,
Thee, their Saviour, and their King;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered,
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born, and glorified.

Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessed Trinity.

God of God, the One-begotten,
Light of Light, Immanuel,
In whose Body joined together
All the saints for ever dwell,
Pour upon us of Thy fulness,
That we may for evermore
Thee with Thine Eternal Father
And the Holy Ghost adore.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth (1807-1885), 1862.

148

10.10.10.4.

FOR all the saints who from their labours rest,
 Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
 Thy Name, O Jesu, be for ever blessed:

Alleluia!

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their
 Might;

Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
 Thou in the darkness drear their one true Light:

Alleluia!

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
 Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
 And win with them the victor's crown of gold:

Alleluia!

O blest communion, fellowship divine!
 We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
 Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine:

Alleluia!

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
 Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
 And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong:

Alleluia!

The golden evening brightens in the west;
 Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
 Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest:

Alleluia!

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
 The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
 The King of glory passes on His way:

Alleluia!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest
 coast,

Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
 Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

Alleluia!

Bishop Walsham How (1823-1897), 1864.

149

C. M.

O JESUS, Lord, the Way, the Truth,
The Life, the Crown of all
Who here on earth confess Thy Name,
O hear us when we call.

We bring to mind with grateful joy
Thy servants, who of old
Withstood the snares of earth and hell,
And now Thy face behold;

Who sought on earth the joys of prayer,
And that communion knew
Which saints and angels share above
With holy men and true.

O Lord, Thy Holy Spirit send;
May grace to us be given
Like them to live and die in Thee,
And with them rise to heaven.

Author unknown.

150

8.7.8.7.

JESUS calls us—o'er the tumult
Of our life's tempestuous sea
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, 'Christian, follow me.'

Jesus calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, 'Christian, love Me more.'

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, 'midst cares and pleasures,
'Christian, love Me more than these.'

Jesus calls us—by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-1895), 1852.

151.

D. C. M.

FATHER, before Thy throne of light
 The guardian angels bend,
 And ever in Thy presence bright,
 Their psalms adoring blend;
 And casting down each golden crown
 Beside the crystal sea,
 With voice and lyre, in happy quire,
 Hymn glory, Lord, to Thee.

And as the rainbow lustre falls
 Athwart their glowing wings,
 While seraph unto seraph calls,
 And each Thy goodness sings;
 So may we feel, as low we kneel
 To pray Thee for Thy grace,
 That Thou art here for all who fear
 The brightness of Thy face.

Here, where the angels see us come
 To worship day by day,
 Teach us to seek our heavenly home,
 And love Thee e'en as they;
 Teach us to raise our notes of praise,
 With them Thy love to own,
 That boyhood's time and manhood's prime
 Be Thine and Thine alone.

Dean Farrar (1831-1903), 1856.

152

10.10.10.10.

STARS of the morning, so gloriously bright,
Filled with celestial splendour and light;
These that, where night never followeth day,
Praise the Thrice-Holy One ever and aye;—

These are Thy counsellors, these dost Thou own,
God of Sabaoth, the nearest Thy throne;
These are Thy ministers, these dost Thou send,
Help of the helpless ones, man to defend.

These keep the guard amidst Salem's dear bowers,
Thrones, Principalities, Virtues, and Powers;
Where with the Living Ones, mystical four,
Cherubin, Seraphin, bow and adore.

Then, when the earth was first poised in mid
space,
Then, when the planets first sped on their race,
Then, when were ended the six days' employ,
Then all the sons of God shouted for joy.

Still let them succour us, still let them fight,
Lord of angelic hosts, battling for right,
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
We with the angels may bow and adore.

*John Mason Neale (1818–1866), 1862. From the
Greek of St. Joseph the Hymnographer, † 883.*

153

L. M.

AROUND the throne of God a band
Of bright and glorious angels stand ;
Sweet harps within their hands they hold,
And on their heads are crowns of gold.

Some wait around Him, ready still
To sing His praise and do His will ;
And some, when He commands them, go
To guard His servants here below.

Lord, give Thine angels every day
Command to guard us on our way,
And bid them every evening keep
Their watch around us while we sleep.

So shall no wicked thing draw near
To do us harm or cause us fear ;
And we shall dwell, when life is past,
With angels round Thy throne at last.

John Mason Neale (1818-1866), 1842.

154

8.7.8.7.

BRIGHT the vision that delighted
Once the sight of Judah's seer ;
Sweet the countless tongues united
To entrance the prophet's ear.

Round the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and Seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn ;—

' Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven ;
Earth is with its fulness stored ;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord.'

Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
' Holy, holy, holy,' singing,
' Lord of hosts, Lord God most high.'

With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow ;—

' Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven ;
Earth is with its fulness stored ;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord.'

Bishop Mant (1776-1848), 1837.

155

8.8.8.8.8.

O GOD, with whom the happy dead
Still live, united to their Head,
Their Lord and ours alike the same,
For all Thy saints to memory dear,
Departed in Thy faith and fear,
We bless and praise Thy holy Name.

By the same grace upheld, may we
So follow those who followed Thee
That with them we may all partake
The free reward of heavenly bliss:
O gracious Father, grant us this,
For Christ our dear Redeemer's sake.

Josiah Conder (1789-1855), 1836.

156

7.6.7.6.D.

THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word:
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride,
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation,
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.

'Mid toil and tribulation
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

Samuel John Stone (1839-1900), 1868.

157

C. M.

LET saints on earth in concert sing
With those whose work is done,
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

One family we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.

One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now:

E'en now to their eternal home
There pass some spirits blest;
While others to the margin come,
Waiting their call to rest.

Jesu, be Thou our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And give us rest in heaven.

Varied from Charles Wesley (1707-1788), 1759.

158

L. M.

O THOU who makest souls to shine
With light from brighter worlds above,
And droppest glistening dew divine
On all who seek a Saviour's love;

Do Thou Thy benediction give
On all who teach, on all who learn,
That so Thy Church may holier live,
And every lamp more brightly burn.

Give those who teach pure hearts and wise,
Faith, hope, and love, all warmed by prayer;
Themselves first training for the skies,
They best will raise their people there.

Give those who learn the willing ear,
The spirit meek, the guileless mind;
Such gifts will make the lowliest here
Far better than a kingdom find.

O bless the shepherd; bless the sheep;
That guide and guided both be one,
One in the faithful watch they keep,
Until this hurrying life be done.

If thus, good Lord, Thy grace be given,
In Thee to live, in Thee to die,
Before we upward pass to heaven
We taste our immortality.

Bishop Armstrong (1813-1856), 1847.

159

L. M.

LORD, pour Thy Spirit from on high,
And Thine ordained servants bless ;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

Within Thy temple when they stand,
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand,
Let all Thy Church's pastors be.

Wisdom, and zeal, and love impart,
Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear Thy people in their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love ;—

To love, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night their guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, form the saint,
To feed Thy lambs and tend Thy sheep.

So, when their work is finished here,
They may in hope their charge resign ;
So, when their Master shall appear,
They may with crowns of glory shine.

Varied from James Montgomery (1771-1854), 1833.

160

C. M.

BEFORE Thine awful presence, Lord,
Thy sinful servants bow
Trembling to speak the solemn word,
To frame the sacred vow.

The sins in hours of weakness wrought,
The vain things loved before,
The wanton deed and word and thought,
Lord, we renounce once more.

Once more we vow the holy faith
To keep unstained and true;
Once more we promise unto death
Thy holy will to do.

Again we gird us to the fight,
Again we face the foe,
Resolved beneath Thy banner bright
Where Thou shalt lead to go.

O Father, pardon all the past,
Give back Thy wasted grace,
And strengthen us, while life shall last,
To run the heavenward race;

Still let Thy blessed Spirit's aid
Our strength and comfort be;
Then, though we sometime be afraid,
We still will trust in Thee.

Bishop Walsham How (1823-1897), 1854.

161

5.5.8.8.5.5.

FROM Thy heavenly throne,
Son of God, make known
Now Thy power, Thy Spirit send us,
Strength for this great work to lend us,
That we all may be
Wholly given to Thee.

Thou our hearts prepare,
Shed Thy gladness there,
That we boldly may confess Thee
As our only Lord and bless Thee,
Whose most precious blood
Flowed to work our good.

Draw our hearts above,
Fill them with Thy love,
So to keep the vows we offer,
Scorning all that earth can proffer,
Truly day by day
Walking in Thy way.

And as we draw near
For Thy blessing here,
May Thy grace in heavenly showers
Quicken all our inner powers,
And Thy light and peace
In our hearts increase.

Let Thy Spirit, Lord,
Promised in Thy word,
Keep us steadfastly in union
With Thy faithful saints' communion,
Till in yon blest place
We behold Thy face.

*Catherine Winkworth (1829-1878), 1862.
From the German of Samuel Marot, 1829.*

162

8.8.8.8.8.8.

LORD, shall Thy children come to Thee?
A boon of love divine we seek:
Brought to Thine arms in infancy,
Ere heart could feel or tongue could speak,
Thy children pray for grace, that they
May come themselves to Thee to-day.

Lord, shall we come, and come again
Oft as we see yon table spread,
And—tokens of Thy dying pain—
The wine poured out, the broken bread?
Bless, bless, O Lord, Thy children's prayer,
That they may come and find Thee there.

Lord, may we come, not thus alone
At holy time or solemn rite,
But every hour till life be flown,
Through weal or woe, in gloom or light;
Still let us seek Thy grace, that we
In faith, hope, love, confirmed may be.

Lord, shall we come—come yet again?
Thy children ask one blessing more,
To come, not now alone, but then
When life and death and time are o'er:
Then, then to come, O Lord, and be
Confirmed in heaven, confirmed by Thee.

*Bishop Hinds (1793-1872), 1834. Varied, and
third verse written by H. J. Buckoll, 1843.*

163

7.7.7.7.

THINE for ever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

Thine for ever! O how blest,
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

Thine for ever! Saviour, keep
Us Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

Mary F. Maude (b. 1819), 1847.

164

L. M.

MY God, and is Thy table spread,
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!

O let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

Revive Thy dying churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live;
And more, that energy afford
A Saviour's love alone can give.

Philip Doddridge (1702-1751).

165

7.7.7.7.7.7.

BREAD of heaven, on Thee we feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever may our souls be fed
With this true and living bread,
Day by day with strength supplied
Through the life of Him who died.

Vine of heaven, Thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give,
To Thy cross we look and live:
Jesu, may we ever be
Grafted, rooted, built in Thee.

Varied from Josiah Conder (1789-1855), 1824.

166

C. M.

ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee—

Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me—
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

James Montgomery (1771-1854), 1825.

167

10.10.10.10.10.10.

AND now, O Father, mindful of the love
That bought us once for all on Calvary's tree,
And having with us Him that pleads above,
We here present, we here spread forth to Thee
That only Offering perfect in Thine eyes,
The one true, pure, immortal Sacrifice.

Look, Father, look on His anointed face,
And only look on us as found in Him;
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,
Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim;
For lo! between our sins and their reward
We set the passion of Thy Son, our Lord.

And then for those, our dearest and our best,
By this prevailing Presence we appeal;
O fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast,
O do Thine utmost for their souls' true weal;
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,
And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere.

And so we come; O draw us to Thy feet,
Most patient Saviour, who canst love us still;
And by this food, so awful and so sweet,
Deliver us from every touch of ill:
In Thine own service make us glad and free,
And grant us never more to part with Thee.

William Bright (1824-1901), 1875.

168

8.8.8.8.8.8.

FORGIVE, O Lord, our wanderings past,
 Henceforth we would obey Thy call ;
 Our sins far from us may we cast,
 And turn to Thee devoutly all :
 Then with archangels we shall sing
 High praise to heaven's Eternal King.

Hear us, O Lord, in mercy hear ;
 With sorrow we our guilt deplore ;
 Pity our grief, and calm our fear,
 And give us grace to sin no more :
 Then with archangels we shall sing
 High praise to heaven's Eternal King.

While at Thy table, Lord, we kneel,
 And of Thy holy feast partake,
 Our pardon there vouchsafe to seal,
 For Jesus our Redeemer's sake :
 Then with archangels we shall sing
 High praise to heaven's Eternal King.

Author unknown, 1796 ; varied later.

169

10.10.10.10.

THEE we adore, O hidden Saviour, Thee
Who in Thy feast with us vouchsaf'st to be ;
Both flesh and spirit at Thy presence fail,
Yet here Thy presence we devoutly hail.

O blest memorial of our dying Lord,
Who living bread to men dost here afford !
O may our souls for ever feed on Thee,
And Thou, O Christ, for ever precious be.

Fountain of goodness, Jesu, Lord and God,
Cleanse us, unclean, with Thy most cleansing blood :
Increase our faith and love, that we may know
The hope and peace which from Thy presence flow.

O Christ, whom now beneath a veil we see,
May what we thirst for soon our portion be,—
To gaze on Thee unveiled, and see Thy face,
The vision of Thy glory and Thy grace.

*Bishop Woodford (1820-1885), 1850. From the
Hymn 'Adoro te devote' of St. Thomas
Aquinas, † 1274.*

170

C. M.

O GOD, unseen, yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel,
And thus inspired with holy fear
Before Thine altar kneel.

Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love,
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.

We come obedient to Thy word
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat the body of the Lord,
Our drink His precious blood.

Thus would we all Thy words obey,
For we, O God, are Thine,
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

Edward Osler (1798-1863), 1837.

171

L. M.

JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood:
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, all in all.

We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast,
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

O Jesus, ever with us stay,
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

*Ray Palmer (U.S.A. 1808-1887), 1858. From
the Hymn 'Jesu dulcis memoria,' by St.
Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153).*

172

IRREGULAR.

THOU art gone to the grave ; but we will not
deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb ;
The Saviour has passed through its portal before
thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the
gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave ; we no longer behold
thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side ;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold
thee,
And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave ; and, its mansion for-
saking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered long ;
But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heard'st was the Sera-
phim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave ; but we will not deplore
thee,
Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian and
Guide :
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,
And death hath no sting, for the Saviour has died.

Bishop Heber (1783-1826), 1818.

173

7.7.7.7.8.8.

NOW the labourer's task is o'er;
 Now the battle-day is past;
 Now upon the farther shore
 Lands the voyager at last:
 Father, in Thy gracious keeping
 Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the tears of earth are dried;
 There its hidden things are clear:
 There the work of life is tried
 By a juster Judge than here.

There the sinful souls, that turn
 To the cross their dying eyes,
 All the love of Christ shall learn
 At His feet in Paradise.

There no more the powers of hell
 Can prevail to mar their peace;
 Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
 He who died for their release.

'Earth to earth and dust to dust,'
 Calmly now the words we say,
 Leaving him to sleep in trust
 Till the Resurrection day.

John Ellerton (1826-1893), 1871.

174

4.6.4.6.D.

SLEEP thy last sleep,
Free from care and sorrow;
Rest, where none weep,
Till the eternal morrow;
Though dark waves roll
O'er the silent river,
Thy fainting soul
Jesus can deliver.

Life's dream is past,
All its sin, its sadness;
Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness:
Under thy sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God,
Waiting all His pleasure.

Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when Thou appearest:
Soon shall Thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping.

Edward Arthur Dayman (1807-1890), 1868.

175

7.6.7.6.D.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Bishop Heber (1783-1826), 1819.

176

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

THOU, whose Almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And, where the Gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

Thou, who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight—
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind—
O now to all mankind
Let there be light.

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

Holy and blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might,
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth far and wide
Let there be light.

John Marriott (1780-1825), 1813.

177

8.7.8.7.4.7.

SOULS in heathen darkness lying,
Where no light has broken through,
Souls that Jesus bought by dying,
Whom His soul in travail knew,
Thousand voices
Call us o'er the waters blue.

Christians, hearken! none has taught them
Of His love so deep and dear,
Of the precious price that bought them,
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear;
Ye who know Him,
Guide them from their darkness drear.

Haste, O haste, and spread the tidings
Wide to earth's remotest strand;
Let no brother's bitter chidings
Rise against us, when we stand
In the judgement,
From some far, forgotten land.

Lo! the hills for harvest whiten
All along each distant shore;
Seaward far the islands brighten—
Light of nations, lead us o'er:
When we seek them,
Let Thy Spirit go before.

Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-1895), 1850.

178

8.7.8.7.

LORD, a Saviour's love displaying,
Shew the heathen lands Thy way;
Thousands still like sheep are straying
In the dark and cloudy day.

Shades of death are gathering o'er them,
Lord, they perish from Thy sight:
Let Thine angels go before them;
Bring the Gentiles to Thy light.

Fetch them home from every nation,
From the islands of the sea;
By the word of Thy salvation
Call the wanderers back to Thee.

Thou their pasture hast provided,
Grant the blessing long foretold,
Let Thy sheep, divinely guided,
Find at last the one true fold.

Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
Blest Redeemer, be to Thee,
Who with Father and with Spirit
Art one God eternally.

Ernest Hawkins (1802-1866), 1851.

179

L. M.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake,
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world adoring see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

Say to the heathen from Thy throne,
'I am Jehovah, God alone ;'
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

Let Zion's time of favour come ;
O bring the tribes of Israel home ;
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
In every clime of every name ;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

William Sbrubsole (1759-1829), 1795.

180

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunder's roar
Or the fulness of the sea
When it breaks upon the shore,
'Alleluia! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign;'
Alleluia! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

Alleluia! hark, the sound
From the centre to the skies
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banners furled,
Sheathed His sword; He speaks, 'tis done;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have past away.
Then the end;—beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Alleluia! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

James Montgomery (1771-1854), 1819.

181

(ISAIAH LII. 7-10.)

S. M.

HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Sion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace instil !

How happy are our ears
That hear the joyful sound
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found !

How blessèd are our eyes
That see this heavenly light !
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

O Lord, send forth Thy truth,
Make known Thy Name abroad,
Till all the nations shall behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748), 1707.

182

(PSALM LXVII.)

S. M.

TO bless Thy chosen race
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of Thy face
On all Thy saints to shine;

That so Thy wondrous way
May through the world be known,
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And Thy salvation own.

Let differing nations join
To celebrate Thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise Thy glorious Name.

O let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth,
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

Then God upon our land
Shall constant blessings shower;
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of His resistless power.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

183

8.8.8.4.

O LORD of heaven and earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we shew our love to Thee,
Who givest all?

The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit Thy love declare;
When harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all.

For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?

We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all;—

To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
O may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth (1807-1885), 1863.

184

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home :
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter-storms begin ;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied ;
Come to God's own temple, come ;
Raise the song of Harvest-home.

What is earth but God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield ?
Wheat and tares therein are sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown ;
Ripening with a wondrous power,
Till the final Harvest-hour :
Grant, O Lord of life, that we
Holy grain and pure may be.

For we know that Thou wilt come,
And wilt take Thy people home ;
From Thy field wilt purge away
All that doth offend that day,
And Thine angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In Thy garner evermore.

Come then, Lord of mercy, come,
Bid us sing Thy Harvest-home :
Let Thy saints be gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
All upon the golden floor
Praising Thee for evermore :
Come, with thousand angels, come,
Bid us sing Thy Harvest-home.

Dean Alford (1810-1871), 1844.

185

C. M.

LORD, in Thy Name Thy servants plead,
And Thou hast sworn to hear :
Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year.

Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with Thee ;
And now that spring has on us smiled,
We wait on Thy decree.

The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All Thine, are ours by prayer.

Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.

So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
That Thee, in Thy new heaven and earth,
We never may forgo.

John Keble (1792-1866), 1856.

186

7.6.7.6.D.—6.6.8.4.

WE plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes, and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.

He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed:
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.

We thank Thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

*Jane M. Campbell (1817-1878), 1861.
From the German of Matthias Claudius, 1782.*

187

6.6.10.D.

LO! summer comes again;
And after spring-tide rain
The quickening sunbeams flood the world with light :
See, high in night's clear skies,
The joy of longing eyes,
The moon of harvest shines serenely bright.

O Lord of heaven and earth,
Who givest joy and mirth,
Open our lips to shew Thy wondrous praise :
Our hearts are dull and cold,
We leave Thy love untold ;
O give us strength our anthems glad to raise.

Each month we sow or reap,
Each hour we toil or sleep,
Thou givest life and joy, and Thou alone :
O grant to each and all,
When death's dark shadows fall,
To stand true workers round our Master's throne.

So, life's long task-work o'er,
Set free for evermore
We shall sit down at Thy great harvest feast ;
Reaper and sower met,
The burning heat forget,
And taste God's love, the greatest as the least.

Dean Plumptre (1821-1891), 1871.

188

7.7.7.7.7.7

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ:
All to Thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

As Thy prospering hand hath blest,
May we give Thee of our best,
And by deeds of kindly love
For Thy mercies grateful prove,
Singing thus through all our days,
Praise to God, immortal praise!

Adapted from Anna L. Barbauld
(1743-1825), 1772.

189

8.8.8.8.8.

ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep,
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep,
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace,
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

*William Whiting (1825-1878), 1860. Varied by
compilers of Hymns A. and M., 1861.*

190

8.7.8.7.4.7.

LORD, behold us with Thy blessing,
Once again assembled here ;
Onward be our footsteps pressing,
In Thy love, and faith, and fear ;
Still protect us
By Thy presence ever near.

For Thy mercy we adore Thee,
For this rest upon our way ;
Lord, again we bow before Thee,
Speed our labours day by day ;
Mind and spirit
With Thy choicest gifts array.

Keep the spell of home affection
Still alive in every heart ;
May its power with mild direction
Draw our love from self apart,
Till Thy children
Feel that Thou their Father art.

Break temptation's fatal power,
Shielding all with guardian care,
Keep us in each careless hour
Safe from all that would ensnare ;
Thou, our Saviour,
Still our failing strength repair.

*Varied from Henry James Buckoll
(1803-1871), 1850.*

191

8.7.8.7.4.7.

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing;
L Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon all, their faults confessing;
Time that's lost may all retrieve:
May Thy children
Ne'er again Thy Spirit grieve.

Bless Thou all our days of leisure;
Help us selfish lures to flee;
Sanctify our every pleasure,
Pure and blameless may it be:
May our gladness
Draw us evermore to Thee.

By Thy kindly influence cherish
All the good we here have gained;
May all taint of evil perish,
By Thy mightier power restrained:
Seek we ever
Knowledge pure and love unfeigned.

Let Thy father-hand be shielding
All who here shall meet no more;
May their seed-time past be yielding
Year by year a richer store:
Those returning
Make more faithful than before.

Henry James Buckoll (1803-1871), 1850.

192

7.5.7.5.D.

FATHER, let me dedicate
All this year to Thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have me be:
Not from sorrow, pain, or care,
Freedom dare I claim;
This alone shall be my prayer,
'Glorify Thy Name.'

Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy Name.

If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine,
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine,
Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim,
And, whate'er the future brings,
Glorify Thy Name.

If Thou callest to the cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home,
Let me think how Thy dear Son
To His glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on,
'Glorify Thy Name.'

Laurence Tuttiatt (1825-1898), 1864.

193

7.6.7.6.

THE year is swiftly waning ;
The summer days are past ;
And life, brief life, is speeding ;
The end is nearing fast.

The ever-changing seasons
In silence come and go ;
But Thou, Eternal Father,
No time or change canst know.

O pour Thy grace upon us,
That we may worthier be
Each year that passes o'er us
To dwell in heaven with Thee.

O by each mercy sent us,
And by each grief and pain,
By blessings like the sunshine,
And sorrows like the rain,

Our barren hearts make fruitful
With every goodly grace,
That we Thy Name may hallow,
And see at last Thy face.

Bishop Walsbam How (1823-1897), 1871.

194

8.8.8.8.8.

I PRAISED the earth, in beauty seen,
With garlands gay of various green;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And earth and ocean seemed to say,
'Our beauties are but for a day.'

I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky;
And moon and sun in answer said,
'Our days of light are numberèd.'

O God, O Good beyond compare,
If thus Thy meaner works are fair,
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruined earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be
Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee!

Bishop Heber (1783-1826).

195

6.5.6.5.

SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing
Bountiful and free.

God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.

Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour;
For Thy loving-kindness
Makes us love Thee more.

And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light;
Life is dark without Thee;
Death with Thee is bright.

Light of Light, shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way;
Go Thou still before us,
To the endless day.

Bishop Walsbam How (1823-1897), 1871.

196

7.7.7.7.7.

FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light,—

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
Pleasures pure and undefiled,—

For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth, and buds of heaven,—

For Thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love,—

Folliott S. Pierpoint (b. 1835), 1864.

197

L. M.

YES, God is good ; in earth and sky,
From ocean depths and spreading wood,
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
‘God made us all, and God is good.’

The sun that keeps his trackless way
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night’s sparkling hosts, all seem to say
In accents clear that God is good.

The merry birds prolong the strain,
Their song with every spring renewed,
And balmy air and falling rain
Each softly whisper, ‘God is good.’

I hear it in the rushing breeze ;
The hills that have for ages stood,
The echoing sky, and roaring seas,
All swell the chorus, ‘God is good.’

Yes, ‘God is good,’ all nature says,
By God’s own hand with speech endued ;
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that God is good.

For all Thy gifts we bless Thee, Lord,
But chiefly for our heavenly food,
Thy pardoning grace, Thy quickening word ;
These prompt our song that God is good.

*John Hampden Gurney (1802-1862), 1851.
Founded on a Hymn by Eliza Lee Follen,
U. S. A., 1825.*

198

L. M.

LO! heaven and earth and sea and air
Their Maker's glory all declare;
And thou, my soul, awake and sing,
To Him thy praises also bring.

Through Him the glorious source of day
Drives all the clouds of night away;
The pomp of stars, the moon's soft light
Praise Him through all the silent night.

Behold, how He hath everywhere
Made earth so wondrous rich and fair;
The forest dark, the fruitful land,
All living things do shew His hand.

My God, how wondrously dost Thou
Unfold Thyself to us e'en now!
O grave it deeply on my heart
What I am, Lord, and what Thou art.

*Catherine Winkworth (1829-1878), 1858. From
the German of Joachim Neander, 1680.*

199

L. M.

WE thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth,
The glittering sky, the silver sea,
For all their beauty, all their worth,
Their light and glory, come from Thee.

Thanks for the flowers that clothe the ground,
The trees that wave their arms above,
The hills that gird our dwellings round,
As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.

Yet teach us still how far more fair,
More glorious, Father, in Thy sight,
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
One heart that owns Thy Spirit's might.

So while we gaze with thoughtful eye
On all the gifts Thy love has given,
Help us in Thee to live and die,
By Thee to rise from earth to heaven.

Bishop Cotton (1813-1866), 1856.

200

(PSALM XIX.)

8.8.8.8.8.8.8.

THE spacious firmament on high
With all the blue ethereal sky
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The works of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'

Joseph Addison (1672-1719), 1712.

201

8.7.8.7.D.

LORD, we thank Thee for the pleasure
That our happy lifetime gives,
The inestimable treasure
Of a soul that ever lives,
Mind that looks before and after,
Yearning for its home above,
Human tears, and human laughter,
And the depth of human love ;

For the thrill, the leap, the gladness
Of our pulses flowing free ;
E'en for every touch of sadness
That may bring us nearer Thee :
But above all other kindness
Thine unutterable love,
Which, to heal our sin and blindness,
Sent Thy dear Son from above.

Teach us so our days to number
That we may be early wise,
Dreamy mist or cloud of slumber
Never dull our heavenward eyes ;
Hearty be our work and willing,
As to Thee, and not to men,
For we know our soul's fulfilling
Is in heaven—not till then.

Thomas W. Jex-Blake (b. 1832), 1855.

202

L.M.

SING to the Lord a joyful song,
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise ;
To us His gracious gifts belong,
To Him our songs of love and praise.

For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help, and nightly care
Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
And praise His Name, for it is fair.

For strength to those who on Him wait,
His truth to prove, His will to do,
Praise ye our God, for He is great,
Trust in His Name, for it is true.

For joys untold that daily move
Round those who love His sweet employ
Sing to our God, for He is love,
Exalt His Name, for it is joy.

Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore.

John S. B. Monsell (1811-1875), 1863.

203

S. M.

FAIR waved the golden corn
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When full of joy some shining morn
Went forth the reaper-band.

To God, so good and great,
Their cheerful thanks they pour;
Then carry to His temple gate
The choicest of their store.

Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.

Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.

In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve Thy Church below,
And join Thy saints in heaven.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Be endless praise addressed.

John Hampden Gurney (1802-1862), 1851.

204

(PSALM XXXIV.)

C. M.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost
All glory be from saints on earth
And from the angel-host.

Tate and Brady 1696.

205

(PSALM LXVII.)

7.7.7.7.7.7.

GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Shew the brightness of Thy face :
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill Thy Church with light divine,
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

Let Thy people praise Thee, Lord,
Be by all that live adored :
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King,
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

Let Thy people praise Thee, Lord ;
Earth shall then her fruits afford,
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live,
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847), 1834.



206

(PSALM LXXXIV.)

6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are!
To Thine abode
My heart aspires
With warm desires
To see my God.

O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Sion's hill.

They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

Isaac Watts (1674-1748), 1719.

207

(PSALM CXVII.)

C.M.

O GENTES omnes undique,
Laudate Dominum;
Laudate, omnes populi,
Per orbis ambitum.

Nam ingens est hominibus
Illius bonitas;
Et per aeterna saecula
Illius veritas.

Sit laus Triuni Domino,
Honor et gloria
Ab universo populo
Per cuncta saecula.

*Author unknown. From the 'Liber Precum,'
Christ Church, Oxford, 1726.*

208

(PSALM XCV.)

L. M.

O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King,
For we our voices high should raise
When our Salvation's Rock we praise.

Into His presence let us haste,
To thank Him for His favours past,
To Him address in joyful songs
The praise that to His Name belongs.

The depths of earth are in His hand,
Her secret wealth at His command;
The strength of hills that reach the skies
Subjected to His empire lies.

The rolling ocean's vast abyss
By the same sovereign right is His;
'Tis moved by His almighty hand,
That formed and fixed the solid land.

O let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there,
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

209

(PSALM C.)

L. M.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise;
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For-why the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure,
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

William Ketbe, 1561

210

(PSALM C.)

L. M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.

His sovereign power without our aid
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love,
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748), 1719.

Varied by John Wesley, 1736.

211

(PSALM CIV.)

5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5.

O WORSHIP the King all-glorious above;
O gratefully sing His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.

O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail.
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

O measureless Might, ineffable Love,
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
Thy ransomed creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall sing to Thy praise.

*Sir Robert Grant (1785-1838). Founded on
William Kethe's version, 1561.*

212

(PSALM CXVII.)

L. M.

FROM all who dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends Thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748), 1719.

213

8.7.8.7.D.

GOD and Father, great and holy,
Fearing nought we come to Thee,
Fearing nought, though weak and lowly,
For Thy love hath made us free ;
By the blue sky bending o'er us,
By the green earth's flowery zone,
Teach us, Lord, the angel chorus,
'Thou art love, and love alone.'

Father, Lord of all creation,
Holy, blest, eternal Son,
Spirit, source of inspiration,
Awful Godhead, Three in One,
With the notes which high ascending
Ring around the sapphire throne
May Thy sons the song be blending,
'Thou art love, and love alone.'

Though the world in flames should perish,
Suns and stars in ruin fall,
Trust in Thee our hearts would cherish,
Thou to us be all in all :
Yea, though heavens Thy Name are praising,
Seraphs hymn no sweeter tone
Than the song our hearts are raising,
'Thou art love, and love alone.'

Dean Farrar (1831-1903), 1856.

214

(PSALM CXLVIII.)

6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.

YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame,
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame ;
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim
And seraphim,
To sing His praise.

Thou moon that rul'st the night,
And sun that guid'st the day,
Ye glittering stars of light,
To Him your homage pay ;
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

His chosen saints to grace,
He sets them up on high,
And favours Israel's race,
Who still to Him are nigh :
O therefore raise
Your grateful voice,
And still rejoice
The Lord to praise.

Tate and Brady, 1696

215

C. M.

PRAISE to the Holiest in the height
And in the depth be praise ;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

O loving wisdom of our God !
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love ! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive, and should prevail ;

And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,—
God's Presence and His very Self,
And Essence all-divine.

O generous love ! that He, who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo,

And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

Praise to the Holiest in the height
And in the depth be praise ;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

Cardinal (John Henry) Newman (1801-1890);
From his poem 'The Dream of Gerontius,'
1868.

216

C. M.

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom these comforts flowed.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face ;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes these gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew ;

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
For O eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise !

Joseph Addison (1672-1719), 1712.

217

L. M.

FATHER, hear the thankful praises
On thy children's lips to-day;
Grateful love our hearts upraises,
This our sacrifice to pay;—

Thanks for all Thy mercies given,
Stores of knowledge here unrolled,
Means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Unto us, Thy chosen fold.

Lord, Thy servants' spirits turning,
Mould them by Thy gracious sway:
Godliness and all good learning
May we follow day by day.

May we, these Thy bounties sharing,
Every talent use aright,
Still by earthly lore preparing,
Till our faith be turned to sight;

Till, undimmed by dark reflection,
Face to face shall Christ be shown;
Knowledge rise to full perfection—
Knowing e'en as we are known.

*Varied from Henry James Buckoll
(1803-1871), 1850.*

218

(ECCLUS. L. 22-24.)

6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.

NOW thank we all our God
 With heart, and hands, and voices,
 Who wondrous things hath done,
 In whom His world rejoices;
 Who from our mother's arms
 Hath blest us on our way
 With countless gifts of love,
 And still is ours to-day.

O may this bounteous God
 Through all our life be near us,
 With ever joyful hearts
 And blessed peace to cheer us,
 And keep us in His grace,
 And guide us when perplexed,
 And free us from all ills
 In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
 The Father now be given,
 The Son, and Him who reigns
 With Them in highest heaven,
 The One eternal God,
 Whom earth and heaven adore;
 For thus it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

*Catherine Winkworth (1829-1878), 1858. From
 the Hymn 'Nun danket alle Gott,' of Martin
 Rinckart, 1644.*

219

P. M.

REJOICE to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His Name,
For He is God alone,
Who hath His mercy shown;
Let all His saints adore Him.

When in distress to Him we cried,
He heard our sad complaining;
O trust in Him, whate'er betide,
His love is all-sustaining;
Triumphant songs of praise
To Him our hearts can raise;
Now every voice shall say,
'O praise our God alway!'
Let all His saints adore Him.

Rejoice to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His Name;
For He is God alone,
Who hath His mercy shown;
Let all His saints adore Him.

Sir Henry W. Baker (1821-1877), 1861.

220

S. M.

STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice ;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God
With heart, and soul, and voice.

Though high above all praise,
Above all blessings high,
Who would not fear His holy Name,
And laud and magnify ?

O for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought !

God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours ;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

Stand up, and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore ;
Stand up and bless His glorious Name
Henceforth for evermore.

James Montgomery (1771-1854), 1824.

221

6.6.6.6.8.8.

REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, Rejoice!

Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above.

His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given.

He sits at God's right hand
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet.

Charles Wesley (1707-1788), 1746.

222

(PSALM CIII.)

8.7.8.7.4.7.

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven,
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me His praise should sing?
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King!

Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless;
Praise Him! Praise Him
Glorious in His faithfulness!

Fatherlike, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hand He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore Him,
Ye behold Him face to face:
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise with us the God of grace!

Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847), 1834.

223

(PSALM CL.)

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

PRAISE the Lord, His glories show,
Saints within His courts below,
Angels round His throne above,
All that see and share His love :
Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell His wonders, sing His worth ;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise Him, praise Him evermore !

Praise the Lord, His mercies trace,
Praise His providence and grace,
All that He for man hath done,
All He sends us through His Son :
Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts ;
All that breathe, your Lord adore,
Praise Him, praise Him evermore !

Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847), 1834.

224

(PSALM CXLVIII

224.

PRAISE the Lord; ye heavens, adore Him:
 Praise Him, angels in the height;
 Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
 Praise Him, all ye stars and light:
 Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken,
 Worlds His mighty voice obeyed:
 Laws which never shall be broken
 For their guidance He hath made.

Praise the Lord, for He is glorious:
 Never shall His promise fail;
 God hath made His saints victorious,
 Sin and death shall not prevail:
 Praise the God of our salvation;
 Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
 Heaven and earth, and all creation,
 Laud and magnify His Name.

Author unknown, 1796.

225

6.6.8.4.D.

THE God of Abraham praise,
 Who reigns enthroned above,
 Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of love,
 Jehovah, great I Am,
 By earth and heaven confessed;
 I bow and bless the sacred Name
 For ever blest.

He by Himself hath sworn,-
 I on His oath depend,
 I shall on eagle's wings upborne
 To heaven ascend;
 I shall behold His face,
 I shall His power adore,
 And sing the wonders of His grace
 For evermore.

There dwells the Lord our King,
 The Lord our Righteousness;
 Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
 The Prince of Peace,
 On Sion's sacred height
 His kingdom still maintains,
 And glorious with His saints in light
 For ever reigns.

The whole triumphant host
 Give thanks to God on high;
 'Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!'
 They ever cry;
 Hail, Abraham's God and mine!
 I join the heavenly lays;
 All might and majesty are Thine,
 And endless praise.

Thomas Olivers (1725-1799), 1770.

226

7.7.7.7.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day ;
God will make new heavens, new earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No, the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below with heart and voice
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here by faith and love
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

James Montgomery (1771-1854), 1819.

227

6.6.7.7.7.6.

THERE was joy in heaven,
There was joy in heaven,
When this goodly world to frame
The Lord of might and mercy came;
Shouts of joy were heard on high,
And the stars sang from the sky
Glory to God in heaven.

There was joy in heaven,
There was joy in heaven,
When the billows, heaving dark,
Sank around the stranded ark,
And the rainbow's watery span
Spake of mercy, hope to man,
And peace with God in heaven.

There was joy in heaven,
There was joy in heaven,
When of love the midnight beam
Dawned on the towers of Bethlehem,
And along the echoing hill
Angels sang, 'On earth good will,
And glory in the heaven!'

There is joy in heaven,
There is joy in heaven,
When the soul that went astray
Turns to Christ, the living Way,
And, by grace of heaven subdued,
Breathes its prayer of gratitude,
There is joy in heaven.

Bishop Heber (1783-1826).

228

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne:
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry
 'To be exalted thus!'
 'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply
 'For He was slain for us.'

Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and power divine:
 And blessings more than we can give
 Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

Let all creation join in one
 To bless the sacred Name
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

Isaac Watts 1694-1749, 1716.

229

C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' Name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call,
The God Incarnate, Man Divine,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

*Edward Perronet (1726-1792), 1780. Varied by
J. Rippon, 1787.*

230

—X—

JESU, the very thought is sweet.
 In that dear Name all hearts find rest.
 But O than honey sweeter far
 The glimpses of His presence are.

No word is ~~so~~ more sweet than His
 No sound is heard more full of bliss
 No thought brings sweeter comfort than
 Than Jesus. Son of God most high.

Jesu, the hope of souls forever
 How good to them for sin time never
 To them that seek Thee. O how kind
 But what art Thou to them that find.

No tongue of mortal can express
 No pen can write the blessedness.
 He only who hath proved it knows
 What bliss from love of Jesus flows.

O Jesu, King of wonderful might.
 O Victor, glorious from the fight.
 Sweetness that may not be expressed
 And altogether love's best.

Abide with us, O Lord, we pray,
 Fulfil us with Thy grace, we pray:
 And with Thine own true sweetness fill
 Our souls from sin and darkness free.

*John Mason Neale (1818-1866), 1852. From
 the Hymn 'Jesu dulcis memoria,' by St.
 Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153).*

231

C. M.

HOW sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury filled
With boundless stores of grace.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would my love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton (1725-1807), 1779.

232

JESU, my Lord, my God, my All
 Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call.
 Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
 Pour down the riches of Thy grace.
 Jesu, my Lord, I Trust in Thee:
 O make me love Thee more and more.

Jesu, too late I Thee have sought;
 How can I love Thee as I ought.
 And how extol Thy matchless name,
 The glorious beauty of Thy fame.

Jesu, what dost Thou find in me,
 That Thou hast sent me home to Thee?
 How great the joy that Thou hast wrought
 So far exceeding hope or thought.

Jesu, of Thee shall be my song,
 To Thee my heart and soul I bring.
 All that I am or have or think,
 And Thou, blest Saviour, turn to mine.

Henry Collins: 1864.

233

7.6.7.6.D.

O JESU, Thou art standing
 Outside the fast-closed door,
 In lowly patience waiting
 To pass the threshold o'er:
 Shame on us, Christian brothers,
 His Name and sign who bear,
 O shame, thrice shame upon us,
 To keep Him standing there!

O Jesu, Thou art knocking,
 And lo! that hand is scarred,
 And thorns Thy brow encircle,
 And tears Thy face have marred:
 O love that passeth knowledge,
 So patiently to wait!
 O sin that hath no equal,
 So fast to bar the gate!

O Jesu, Thou art pleading
 In accents meek and low,
 'I died for you, My children,
 And will ye treat Me so?'
 O Lord, with shame and sorrow
 We open now the door:
 Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
 And leave us nevermore.

Bishop Walsbam How (1823-1897), 1867.

234

7.6.7.6.D.

O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end ;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend ;
I shall not fear the battle,
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway,
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will :
O speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control ;
O speak to make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee
That, where Thou art in glory,
There shall Thy servant be ;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end ;
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.

O let me see Thy footmarks
And in them plant my own ;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end ;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend.

John Ernest Bode (1816-1874), 1860.

235

6.6.6.6.

THY Kingdom come, O God,
Thy rule, O Christ, begin;
Break with Thine iron rod
The tyrannies of sin.

Where is Thy reign of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
Oppression, lust, and crime
Shall flee Thy face before?

We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
And come in Thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight.

O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet;
Arise, O Morning Star,
Arise, and never set.

Lewis Hensley (b. 1827), 1867.

236

7.7.7.3.

CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away;
Thou art in the midst of foes :
Watch and pray.

Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever, night and day
Near thee lurks the evil one :
Watch and pray.

Hear the warriors, who o'ercame
Marching on their heavenward way,
Still with warning voice exclaim,
' Watch and pray.'

First and chiefest, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey ;
Hide within thy heart His word,
' Watch and pray.'

Watch, as if on thee alone
Hung the issue of the day ;
Pray, and all thy weakness own :
Watch and pray.

Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871), 1839.

237

7.7.7.7.

SOLDIERS, who are Christ's below,
Strong in faith resist the foe:
Boundless is the pledged reward
Unto them who serve the Lord.

'Tis no palm of fading leaves
That the conqueror's hand receives;
Joys are his serene and pure,
Light that ever shall endure.

For the souls that overcome
Waits the beautiful heavenly home,
Where the blessed evermore
Tread on high the starry floor.

Passing soon and little worth
Are the things that tempt on earth;
Heavenward lift thy soul's regard;
God Himself is thy reward.

Father, who the crown dost give,
Saviour, by whose death we live,
Spirit, who our hearts dost raise,
Three in One, Thy Name we praise.

*J. H. Clark (b. 1839), 1865. From the Hymn
'Pugnate, Christi milites,' in some French
Breviaries.*

238

(EPH. VI. 11-18.)

S. M.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His Eternal Son.

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued :
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God ;

That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

Charles Wesley (1707-1788), 1749.

239

7.7.7.7.

OFt in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go ;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe ;
Will ye flee in danger's hour ?
Know ye not your Captain's power ?

Let your drooping hearts be glad ;
March in heavenly armour clad ;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory wake your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye ;
Soon shall every tear be dry ;
Let not fears your course impede ;
Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward then to battle move ;
More than conquerors ye shall prove ;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

*Frances S. Fuller-Maitland, 1827, and others.
Founded on a fragment by Henry Kirke
White, 1806.*



240

6 5.6.5.T.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before :
Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe ;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee,
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory !
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise ;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God ;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod ;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope, and doctrine,
One in charity.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain ;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail ;
We have Christ's own promise
And that cannot fail.

Onward then, ye people,
Join our happy throng ;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song ;
'Glory, laud, and honour
Unto Christ the King,'
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

S. Baring-Gould (b. 1834), 1865.

241

L. M.

FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right ;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face ;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide ;
His boundless mercy will provide ;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

Faint not, nor fear ; His arms are near ;
He changeth not, and thou art dear ;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

John S. B. Monsell (1811-1875), 1863.

242

8.7.8.7.

STRIVE aright when God doth call thee,
 When He draws thee by His grace;
 Cast off all that would enthral thee,
 And deter thee from the race.

Combat, though thy life thou givest,
 Storm the kingdom, but prevail;
 Let not him with whom thou strivest
 Ever make thee faint or quail.

Wrestle till thy zeal is burning,
 And thy love is glowing warm,
 All that earth can give thee spurning:
 Half love will not bide the storm.

Perfect truth will never waver,
 Wars with evil day and night,
 Changes not for fear or favour,
 Only cares to win the fight.

Perfect truth will love to follow
 Watchfully our Master's ways;
 Seeks not comfort poor and hollow,
 Looks not for reward or praise.

Perfect truth from worldly pleasure,
 Worldly turmoil, stands apart;
 For in heaven is hid our treasure,
 There must also be the heart.

Soldiers of the Cross, take courage,
 Watch and war 'mid fear and pain,
 Daily conquering sin and sorrow,
 Till our King o'er earth shall reign.

*Catherine Winkworth (1829-1878), 1863. From
 the German of Johann J. Winckler, 1714.*

243

S. M.

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His Name.

Watch: 'tis your Lord's command,
And, while we speak, He's near:
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid the angelic band.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be endless praise addressed.

Philip Doddridge (1702-1751).

244

C. M.

MY God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.

Before the Cross of Him who died
Behold I prostrate fall ;
Let every sin be crucified,
And Christ be all in all.

Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,
And seal me for Thine own,
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship near Thy throne.

Let every thought, and work, and word
To Thee be ever given ;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven.

Matthew Bridges (1800-1894), 1848.

245

C.M.

BEHOLD, we come, dear Lord, to Thee,
And bow before Thy throne ;
We come to offer on our knee
Our vows to Thee alone.

Whate'er we have, whate'er we are,
Thy bounty freely gave ;
Thou dost us here in mercy spare,
And wilt hereafter save.

Come then, my soul, bring all thy powers,
And grieve thou hast no more,
Bring every day thy choicest hours,
And thy great God adore.

John Austin († 1669), 1668.

246

10.10.10.10.

LIFT up your hearts ! ' We lift them, Lord, to
Thee ;
Here, at Thy feet, none other may we see :
' Lift up your hearts ! ' E'en so with one accord
We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord.

Above the level of the former years,
The mire of sin, the slough of guilty fears,
The mist of doubt, the blight of love's decay,
O Lord of Light, lift all our hearts to-day.

Lift us to Thee, each boy, each master here,
Our friends, our homes, and all we count most dear ;
Learning and wit, grace, vigour, childish glee,
Lift them, O Lord, and lift them all to Thee.

Lift every gift that Thou Thyself hast given,
Low lies the best till lifted up to heaven ;
Low lie the bounding heart, the teeming brain,
Till, sent from God, they mount to God again.

Then, as the trumpet-call in after years,
' Lift up your hearts ! ' rings pealing in our ears,
Still shall those hearts respond, with full accord,
' We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord.'

Henry Montagu Butler (b. 1833).

247

S. M.

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

The Lord who left the sky
Our life and peace to bring,
And dwelt in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King,

Still to the lowly-soul
He doth Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

Lord, we Thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us the pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

John Keble (1792-1866), 1819.

248

7.6.7.6.

O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow
To Jesus as your Head!

O happy if ye labour
As Jesus did for men;
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!

The cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due;
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn,

The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,

What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize.

*John Mason Neale (1818-1866), 1862. Founded
on a Greek Hymn.*

249

(PSALM CXXXI.)

7.7.7.7.

LORD, if Thou Thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart
Like the Saviour we shall be,
Clothèd with humility ;

Simple, teachable, and mild ;
Humble as a little child ;
Pleased with what the Lord provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.

Father, fix our souls on Thee ;
Every evil let us flee ;
Always happy in Thy love ;
Looking for our rest above.

All that seek will surely find
Every good in Christ combined ;
O let Christians still adore,
Trust, and praise Him evermore.

Charles Wes'ey (1707-1788), 1743.

250

C. M.

THOU boundless source of every good,
Our best desires fulfil,
And help us to adore Thy grace,
And mark Thy sovereign will.

In all Thy mercies may our souls
Thy bounteous goodness see;
Nor let the gifts Thy hand imparts
Estrange our hearts from Thee.

In every changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be,
Give us a meek and humble mind,
A mind at peace with Thee.

Do Thou direct our steps aright;
Help us Thy Name to fear;
And give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere.

Varied from Ottiwell Heginbotham (1744-1768).

251

C. M.

THE heavenly Child in stature grows,
And growing learns to die;
And still His earthly training shows
His coming agony.

The Son of God His glory hides
With parents mean and poor;
And He who made the heavens abides
In dwelling-place obscure.

Those mighty hands that rule the sky
No earthly toil refuse;
The Maker of the stars on high
An humble trade pursues.

He whom the choirs of angels praise,
Bearing each dread decree,
His earthly parents now obeys
In deep humility.

For this Thy lowliness revealed,
Jesu, we Thee adore;
And praise to God the Father yield
And Spirit evermore.

*John Chandler (1806-1876), 1837; varied by
John Keble, 1861. From the Hymn 'Divine
crescebas Puer,' by Jean Baptiste de Santeuil,
1689.*

252

L. M.

O HOLY Lord, content to live
In a poor home, a lowly child,
And in subjection meek to give
Obedience to Thy mother mild ;

Lead every child that bears Thy Name
To walk in Thy pure upright way,
To dread the touch of sin and shame,
And humbly, like Thyself, obey.

Gather Thy lambs within Thine arm,
And gently in Thy bosom bear ;
Keep them, O Lord, from hurt and harm,
And bid them rest for ever there.

So shall they, waiting here below
Like Thee, their Lord, a little span,
In wisdom and in stature grow,
And favour both with God and man.

Bishop Walsham How (1823-1897), 1850.

253

(PSALM CXXXIX.)

L. M.

THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up, and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to Thee,
Known long before conceived by me.

Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways;
Thou knowest all my lips would vent,
My yet unuttered words' intent.

Surrounded by Thy power I stand,
On every side I feel Thy hand:
O skill for human reach too high,
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!

Search, prove, O Lord, my thoughts and heart,
If sin yet lurk in any part;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in Thy perfect way.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

254

(PSALM CXIX.)

C. M.

HOW shall the young preserve their ways
From all pollution free?
By making still their course of life
With God's commands agree.

With hearty zeal for Thee we seek,
To Thee for succour pray;
Lord, suffer not our careless steps
From Thy right paths to stray.

Safe in our heart and closely hid
Thy word, our treasure, lies,
To succour us with timely aid
When sinful thoughts arise.

Secured by that, our grateful souls
Shall ever bless Thy Name;
O teach us then by Thy just laws
Our future life to frame.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

255

C. M.

WHAT conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

If I am right, Thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride
Or impious discontent
At aught Thy wisdom has denied
Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
The mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

*Alexander Pope (1688-1744), 1738. From his
'Universal Prayer.'*

256

S. M.

A VOICE by Jordan's shore,
A summons stern and clear,
'Repent! Be just, and sin no more;
God's judgement draweth near.'

A voice by Galilee,
A holier voice I hear,—
'Love God; thy neighbour love; for see,
God's mercy draweth near.'

O voice of Duty, still
Speak forth; I hear with awe;
In Thee I own the sovereign will,
Obey the sovereign law.

Thou higher voice of Love,
Yet speak Thy word in me;
Through duty let me upward move
To thy pure liberty.

Samuel Longfellow (U. S. A., 1819-1892), 1864.

257

L. M.

O THOU who hast at Thy command
The hearts of all men in Thy hand,
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To know no other will but Thine.

Our wishes, our designs control,
Mould every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious be,
That stands between ourselves and Thee.

Twice blest will all our blessings be
When we can look from them to Thee,
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

Yet may we, feeble, weak, and frail,
Against our mightiest foes prevail;
Thy word our shield from every harm,
Our strength Thine everlasting arm.

Thomas Cotterill (1779-1824), 1810.

258

8.8.8.8.8.8.

WE have not known Thee as we ought,
Nor learned Thy wisdom, grace, and power ;
The things of earth have filled our thought,
And trifles of the passing hour :
Lord, give us light Thy truth to see,
And make us wise in knowing Thee.

We have not feared Thee as we ought,
Nor bowed beneath Thine awful eye,
Nor guarded deed and word and thought
Remembering that God was nigh :
Lord, give us faith to know Thee near,
And grant the grace of holy fear.

We have not loved Thee as we ought,
Nor cared that we are loved by Thee ;
Thy presence we have coldly sought,
And feebly longed Thy face to see :
Lord, give a pure and loving heart
To feel and own the love Thou art.

Thomas Benson Pollock (1836-1896), 1889.

259

8.7.8.7.7.7.

LORD, who once from heaven descending
Lost mankind didst seek and save,
Us in our distress befriending,
Grant the succour which we crave;
From a sinful world we flee,
Shepherd of our souls, to Thee.

From the arts which would allure us,
From the toils that would ensnare,
Thou who slumberest not, secure us
By Thy ever watchful care :
And if e'er from Thee we roam,
Fetch, O fetch the wanderers home.

And at last, our perils ended,
Take us to that blessèd fold
Where the flock Thou here hast tended
Shall in heaven Thy face behold
And with songs of praise adore
Christ their Shepherd evermore.

John Latham (1787-1853), 1836.

260

P. M.

LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us,
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee,
Yet possessing
Every blessing
If our God our Father be.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

James Edmeston (1791-1867), 1821.

261

C. M.

BE Thou my guardian and my guide,
And hear me when I call ;
Let not my slippery footsteps slide,
And hold me lest I fall.

The world, the flesh, and Satan dwell
Around the path I tread ;
O save me from the snares of hell,
Thou Quickener of the dead.

And if I tempted am to sin,
And outward things are strong,
Do Thou, O Lord, keep watch within,
And save my soul from wrong.

Still let me ever watch and pray,
And feel that I am frail ;
That, if the tempter cross my way,
Yet he may not prevail.

Isaac Williams (1802-1865), 1842.

262

(GEN. XXVIII. 20, 21.)

C. M.

O GOD of Jacob, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led ;

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace :
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
Our heavenly food provide.

O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore ;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

*Varied by John Logan, 1781, and others, from
Philip Doddridge, 1737.*

263

8.8.8.8.8.

O KING of kings, before whose throne
The angels bow, no gift can we
Present that is indeed our own,
Since heaven and earth belong to Thee;
Yet this our souls through grace impart,
The offering of a thankful heart.

O Jesu, set at God's right hand,
With Thine Eternal Father plead
For all Thy loyal-hearted band,
Who still on earth Thy succour need;
For them in weakness strength provide,
And through the world their footsteps guide.

O Holy Spirit, Fount of breath,
Whose comforts never fail nor fade,
Vouchsafe the life that knows no death,
Vouchsafe the light that knows no shade;
And grant that we through all our days
May share Thy gifts, and sing Thy praise.

*Varied by Thomas Darling (b. 1816), 1857, from
John Quarles, 1655.*

264

C. M.

ABIDE among us with Thy grace,
Lord Jesus, evermore,
Nor let us e'er to sin give place,
Nor grieve Him we adore.

Abide among us with Thy word,
Redeemer, whom we love;
Thy help and mercy here afford,
And life with Thee above.

Abide with us to bless us still,
O bounteous Lord of peace;
With grace and power our spirits fill,
Our faith and love increase.

Abide among us as our shield,
O Captain of Thy host,
That to the world we may not yield,
Nor e'er forsake our post.

Abide with us in faithful love,
Our God and Saviour be,
Thy help at need O let us prove,
And keep us true to Thee.

*Catherine Winkworth (1829-1878), 1858, from
the German of Josua Stegmann, 1628.*

265

C. M.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me!

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within!

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good—
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new best Name of Love.

Charles Wesley (1707-1788), 1742.

266

C. M.

'ASK, and ye surely shall receive'—
Yea, Lord! we trust Thy word;
We lift our voice, and we believe
That we are surely heard.

We ask not anything that earth
Can give or take away;
Thou, who hast kept us from our birth,
Wilt guard us day by day.

We ask for light, and love, and strength
All selfish snares to shun;
We ask that we may ask at length,
'Thy will, not ours, be done.'

We ask that to each separate heart
Of all our brethren here
Thy one best gift Thou wouldst impart,
The wisdom of Thy fear.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

*Henry Montagu Butler, 1865. (Last verse from
James Montgomery.)*

267

7.7.7.7.

JESUS, Lord, we look to Thee,
Let us in Thy Name agree;
Shew Thyself the Prince of Peace,
Bid all strife for ever cease.

By Thy reconciling love
Every stumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread Thy banner here.

Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word—
Altogether like our Lord.

Let us each for other care,
Each his brother's burdens bear,
To the world a pattern give,
Shew how Christ's disciples live.

Take us to Thy home above,
Purified by faith and love;
May we in our life's last hour
Feel Thy peace, Thy grace, Thy power.

Varied from Charles Wesley (1707-1788), 1743.

268

(HEBREWS IV. 14-16.)

L. M.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God, not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Guardian of mankind appears,

He who for men their surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
Touched with the feeling of our grief
He to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness therefore at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

*Probably by Michael Bruce (1746-1767), c. 1765.
In 'Scottish Translations and Paraphrases.'*

269

6.5.6.5.

JESU, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

George Rundle Prynne (1818-1903), 1856.

270

L. M.

O THOU who camest from above
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

There let it for Thy glory burn
With inextinguishable blaze,
And trembling to its source return
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for Thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me,

Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death Thy endless mercies seal,
And make my sacrifice complete.

Charles Wesley (1707-1788), 1762.

271

L. M.

JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found
And every place is hallowed ground.

For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going take Thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of Thy faithful few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting souls proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name.

Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

Lord, we are few, but Thou art near,
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own.

William Cowper (1731-1800), 1769.

272

C. M.

LORD, when we bend before Thy throne
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

Our broken spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

When we disclose our wants in prayer
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosoms share
Which is not wholly Thine.

Let faith each meek petition fill,
And lift it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
Which grants it or denies.

When our united voices strive
Their cheerful hymns to raise,
Let love divine within us live,
And lift our souls in praise.

Then on Thy glories while we dwell,
Thy mercies we'll review,
Till love divine transported tell
Thou, God, art Father too.

Joseph Dacre Carlyle (1758-1804), 1802.

273

S.S.B.D.

WHILE we in supplication join
Before the throne of grace divine,
In mercy bow Thine ear;
And while we listen to Thy word,
Or praise Thy Name with glad accord,
Amongst us, Lord, appear.

The veil that hides Thy glory rend;
In love and saving power descend
To visit Thine abode;
Here to each heart Thy grace reveal,
And all who enter cause to feel
The presence of our God.

John Walker (1769-1833).

274

C. M.

GREAT Shepherd of Thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

Within these walls let holy peace
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

The hearing ear, the seeing eye,
The contrite heart bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
That we in grace may grow.

John Newton (1725-1807), 1779.

275

POUR down Thy Spirit, gracious Lord,
On all assembled here;
Let us receive the engrafted word
With meekness and with fear.

By faith in Thee the soul receives
New life, though dead before;
And he who in Thy Name believes
Shall live, to die no more.

Preserve the power of faith alive
In those that love Thy Name,
For sin and Satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.

Thy grace and mercy first prevailed
From death to set us free;
And often since our life had failed
Unless renewed by Thee.

To Thee we look, to Thee we bow,
To Thee for help we call,
Our Life and Resurrection Thou,
Our Hope, our Joy, our All.

John Newton (1725-1807), 1779.

276

S. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our hearts the flame
Of never-dying love.

Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole.

Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then we shall know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

*Joseph Hart (1712-1768), 1759. Varied by
A. M. Toplady, 1776.*

277

C. M.

TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every evil heart ;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

When to the right or left we stray,
Pity Thy helpless sheep,
Bring back our feet into the way,
And there Thy wanderers keep.

Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear ;
Let each his friendly aid afford
To soothe his brother's care.

Help us to build each other up,
Help us ourselves to prove ;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

Complete at length Thy work of grace,
And take us to Thy rest
Among the saints who see Thy face,
To be for ever blest.

Charles Wesley (1707-1788), 1742.

278

L. M.

BE with me, Lord, where'er I go,
Teach me what Thou wouldst have me do,
Suggest whate'er I think or say,
Direct me in Thy narrow way.

Prevent me, lest I harbour pride,
Lest I in my own strength confide,
Shew me my weakness, let me see
I have my power, my all, from Thee.

Assist and teach me how to pray;
Incline my nature to obey;
What Thou abhorrest let me flee,
And only love what pleases Thee.

John Cennick (1718-1755), 1741.

279

D. C. M.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
‘Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down,
Thy head upon My breast:’
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad,
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
‘Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink and live:’
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream,
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
‘I am this dark world’s Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright:’
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun,
And in that light of life I’ll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

Horatius Bonar (1808–1889), 1846.

280

7.7.7.7.

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour—hear His word,
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
' Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

' I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound,
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

' Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

' Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

' Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done,
Partner of My throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?'

Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore—
O for grace to love Thee more!

William Cowper (1731-1800), 1768.

281

7.6.7.6.D.

'COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest.'
O blessed voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppressed!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

'Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light.'
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But He has brought us gladness
And songs at break of day.

'Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life.'
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But He has made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

'And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out.'
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt;
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

William Gbatterton Dix (1837-1898), 1867.

282

7.7.7.7.

GOD of mercy, throned on high,
G Listen from Thy lofty seat;
Hear, O hear our feeble cry,
Guide, O guide our wandering feet.

Jesus, lover of the young,
Cleanse us with Thy blood divine;
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, keep us, make us Thine.

When perplexed in danger's snare,
Thou alone our guide canst be;
When oppressed with woe and care,
Whom have we to trust but Thee?

Let us ever hear Thy voice,
Ask Thy counsel every day;
Saints and angels will rejoice
If we walk in wisdom's way.

Saviour, give us faith, and pour
Hope and love on every soul;—
Hope, till time shall be no more,
Love, while endless ages roll.

Varied from Henry Neele (1798-1828.)

283

7.7.7.5.

GRACIOUS SPIRIT, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most,
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.

Love is kind, and suffers long ;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong ;
Love than death itself more strong ;
Therefore give us love.

Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day ;
Love will ever with us stay ;
Therefore give us love.

Faith will vanish into sight,
Hope be emptied in delight,
Love in heaven will shine more bright ;
Therefore give us love.

Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree ;
But the greatest of the three
And the best is love.

From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, heavenly love.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth (1807-1885), 1862.

284

8.7.8.7.D.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and all Thy love revealing
Dissipate the clouds beneath :
Thou, new heaven and earth's Creator,
On our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring light on blinded eyes.

Still we wait for Thine appearing ;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor; benighted heart :
By Thy all-restoring merit,
Every burdened soul release ;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into Thy perfect peace.

Charles Wesley (1707-1788), 1746.

285

8.7.8.7.4.7.

JESUS, Lord, we kneel before Thee,
Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear;
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear:
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,—

When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our time of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,—

When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,—

In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,—

In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful Judgement-day
May our souls, on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our hope and stay.

John James Cummins (1795-1867), 1849.

286

8.7.8.7.8.8.

THOUGH we long in sin-wrought blindness
From Thy gracious paths have strayed,
Cold to Thee and to Thy kindness,
Wilful, reckless, or afraid,
Through dim clouds that gather round us
Thou hast sought, and Thou hast found us.

Oft from Thee we veil our faces,
Children-like, to cheat Thine eyes,
Sin, and hope to hide the traces;
From ourselves ourselves disguise:
'Neath the webs we've woven round us
Thy soul-piercing glance has found us.

Sudden, 'midst our idle chorus,
O'er our sin Thy thunders roll;
Death his signal waves before us,
Night and terror take the soul;
Till through double darkness round us
Looks a star,—and Thou hast found us.

O most Merciful, most Holy,
Light Thy wanderers on their way;
Keep us ever Thine, Thine wholly,
Suffer us no more to stray:
Cloud and storm oft gather round us:
We were lost, but Thou hast found us.

Francis Turner Palgrave (1824-1897), 1868.

287

8.7.8.7.4.7.

GUIDE us, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrims through this barren land;
We are weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold us with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed us now and evermore.

Open Thou the living fountain
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead us all our journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still our strength and shield.

When we tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid our anxious fears subside;
Bear us through th' o'erwhelming torrent,
Lead us safe to Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
We will ever give to Thee.

From the Welsh of William Williams
(1717-1791), 1745.

288

C. M.

ETERNAL God, we look to Thee,
To Thee for help we fly ;
Thine eye alone our wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.

From path to path we roam for rest,
But all our search is vain ;
We seek for life among the dead,
For joy where sorrows reign.

Lord, let Thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide ;
That love will all vain love expel,
That fear all fear beside.

Not what we wish, but what we want
O let Thy grace supply ;
The good unasked in mercy grant,
The ill, though asked, deny.

James Merrick (1720-1769), 1763.

289

C. M.

FATHER of mercies, let our praise
With Thee acceptance find ;
Thy loving-kindness we confess
To us and all mankind.

Thanks for creation are Thy due
For life preserved by Thee,
And all the blessings life affords
So great and yet so free :

Thanks for redemption, above all,
To us in Jesus given ;
Thanks for the means of grace on earth
And for the hope of heaven.

O let a sense of this Thy grace
Our best affections move,
That while our lips Thy praise proclaim
Our hearts may feel Thy love.

Varied from Thomas Cotterill (1779-1823), 1815.

290

8.6.8.6.8.8.8.8.

OUR Father, guide those streams aright
Which have their springs in Thee ;
Shine on them with Thy heavenly light,
And make them pure and free :
And ever, as they onward flow
Through all the darkling scenes below,
May they reflect that heaven above
Which looks on us in perfect love.

Sin ever would enchain the heart,
But Christ has made us free,
And He would bid those fears depart
Which draw our hearts from Thee.
Thou art our Father ; Thou hast known
Our wayward thoughts ; in Thee alone
Is all our fulness, all our joy,
Those pleasures which can never cloy.

Thou knowest all our seasons too,
Their ever-varying tone ;
Refresh us with the morning dew,
Nor let our night be lone :
At noonday let the showers fall,
In answer to our suppliant call ;
Strengthen our hearts, and hold us fast,
That we may praise Thee to the last.

E. S., 1849.

291

P. M.

WITH trembling awe the chosen three
The holy mount ascended,
Where, wrapt in blissful ecstasy,
They saw the vision splendid,—
Their Lord arrayed in living light,
And on His left hand and His right
By glorious saints attended.

O vision bright—too bright to tell—
The joys of heaven unveiling!
How precious on those hearts it fell,
When earthly hopes were failing,
When, saints no more on either side,
Between the thieves the Saviour died,
'Mid hate and scorn and railing!

Grant us, dear Lord, some vision brief
Of future triumph telling,
Gilding with hope our night of grief,
Our clouds of fear dispelling.
If the dim foretaste was so bright,
O what shall be the dazzling light
Of Thy eternal dwelling!

Bishop Walsham How (1823-1897), 1867.

292

C. M.

'COME to a desert place apart,
And rest a little while,'
So spake the Lord, when limbs and heart
Waxed faint and sick through toil.

What tired nature craved He sought,
But, while He sought it, found
The restless crowd together brought,
And labour's weary round.

Still not a thought to self was given,
Nor murmur from Him came ;
He fed their souls with bread from heaven,
And stayed their sinking frame ;

Nor turned, when that long task was done,
To sleep fatigue away ;
When on the desert sank the sun,
The Saviour waked to pray.

O perfect Pattern from above,
So strengthen us, that ne'er
Prayer keep us back from works of love,
Nor works of love from prayer.

Joseph Anstice (1808-1836), 1836.

293

7.7.7.7.

WONDROUS was Thy path on earth
'Midst our human grief and mirth,
All our good and all our ill
Feeling, Lord, yet sinless still.

Thou wouldst oft vouchsafe to bless
Hours of earthly happiness;
When Thou cam'st Thy friend to save,
Thou couldst weep beside his grave.

Thy transforming influence still
Into good converts our ill;
Or from weak and worthless things
Holy joy and comfort brings.

O be with us, gracious Lord,
Near our bed, and at our board,
By our fireside's pleasant cheer,
When the winter nights are drear.

Through the livelong summer day,
When our hearts are blithe and gay,
From all taint of fleshly ill
Purify our gladness still.

So that, when new heavens and earth
At Thy bidding shall have birth,
Purged from all our dross of sin,
We may dwell with Thee therein.

John Moultrie (1799-1874), 1843.

294

C. M.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise ;—

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee :

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele (1716-1778), 1760.

295

8.7 8.7.D.

LOVE Divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never —
Never more Thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be;
Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored by Thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley (1707-1788), 1747.

296

D. C. M.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
O for the pearly gates of heaven,
O for the golden floor!
O for the Sun of Righteousness
That setteth nevermore!

The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
O for a heart that never sins,
O for a soul washed white!
O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire:
O by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
O by Thy life laid down—
O that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!

Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-1895), 1852.

297

P. M.

CEASE, my soul, thy tribulation,
Banish all thy griefs and fears;
Christ, in whom is thy salvation,
Calls thee from the vale of tears :
From the desert where we roam
He will lead the wanderers home
Unto joys all joys transcending,
Unto peace that knows no ending.

Light me, O Thou Star uprising,
Jesus, all my glory be ;
So will I, the shame despising,
Take my cross and follow Thee :
Help me with Thy presence blest,
Till I gain the perfect rest ;
Till the grave's dark gate enfold me,
With Thy word assure, uphold me.

Trusting in Thy love so tender,
I will bear the bitter strife ;
Glad to Thee my soul surrender,
Death shall be the path of life ;
Thou who openedst Paradise
To the dying sinner's eyes,
Jesus, Thou wilt never leave me,
But to Thy great light receive me.

Cease, my soul, thy tribulation,
Banish all thy griefs and fears ;
Christ, in whom is thy salvation,
Calls thee from the vale of tears :
Soon before Him shalt thou stand,
Where the saints, a ransomed band,
At His feet their crowns are casting
In the glory everlasting.

Thomas E. Brown, 1872. From a German Hymn, 1620.

298

8.7.8.7.D.

WHO puts his trust in God most just
Hath built his house securely;
He who relies on Jesus Christ,
Heaven shall be his most surely;
Then fixed on Thee my trust shall be,
For Thy truth cannot alter;
While mine Thou art, not death's worst smart
Shall make my courage falter.

Though fiercest foes my course oppose,
A dauntless front I'll shew them;
My champion Thou, Lord Christ, art now,
Who soon shalt overthrow them:
And if but Thee I have in me
With Thy good gifts and Spirit,
Nor death nor hell, I know full well,
Shall hurt me, through Thy merit.

I rest me here without a fear,
By Thee shall all be given
That I can need, O faithful God,
For this life or for heaven.
O make me true, my heart renew,
My soul and flesh deliver;
Lord, hear my prayer, and in Thy care
Keep me in peace for ever.

*Catherine Winkworth (1829-1878), 1858. From
a German Hymn, 1597.*

299

8.8.8.8.8.

CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and Guide
Of all who seek their home above,
Beneath Thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of Thy protecting love ;
Our strength, Thy grace ; our rule, Thy word ;
Our end, the glory of the Lord.

By Thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray ;
By Thy paternal bounty fed,
We shall not want in all our way ;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, almighty love, is near.

Varied from Charles Wesley (1707-1788), 1762.

300

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

A TOWER of strength our God doth stand,
 A Shield and sure Defender:
 True help from all our woes His hand
 Through life doth freely render.
 Our foe hath fixed his purpose fell;
 With might and craft he's armed full well;
 Nought earthly can resist him:

Full soon we're lost and vanquished quite,
 Our strength hath nought effected;
 Yet He for us maintains the fight,
 Whom God Himself elected:
 Ask ye His Name? 'tis Christ our Lord,
 The God of Hosts alone adored,
 Our Champion—none dare brave Him.

Should hell's whole legions round us press,
 All banded to devour us,
 Yet this should work us good success,
 Nor fear e'en then o'erpower us;
 Though this world's prince look fierce and bold,
 It matters not, his doom is told,
 A single word can foil him.

*Henry James Buckoll (1803-1871), 1842. From
 the Hymn 'Ein' feste Burg' of Martin
 Luther, 1529.*

301

P. M.

TO Thee, O loving Saviour, our spirits turn for
rest,
Our peace is in Thy favour, our hearts in Thee are
blest ;
Though all the world deceive us, we know that Thou
art near,
For Thou wilt never leave us, O Christ, our Saviour
dear.

In Thee our trust abideth, on Thee our hopes rely,
O Thou whose love provideth for all beneath the
sky :
Our joy is in Thy beauty of holiness divine,
Our comfort in the duty that binds our life in Thine.

O for true hearts to love Thee more dearly as we
ought,
And nothing place above Thee in word, or deed, or
thought ;
O for that choicest blessing of living in Thy love,
And thus on earth possessing the peace of heaven
above !

Varied from John S. B. Monsell (1811-1875), 1863.

302

S. M.

BLEST be Thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love Thee for Thyself,
And for that love obey.

O Thou, our souls' chief hope,
We to Thy mercy fly;
Where'er we are, Thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.

Whether we sleep or wake,
To Thee we both resign;
By night we see, as well as day,
If Thy light on us shine.

Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to Thee;
In death we live, as well as life,
If Thine in death we be.

John Austin († 1669), 1668.

303

6.6.6.6.

LORD, Thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

O that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee.

Sir Henry W. Baker (1821-1877), 1861.

304

C. M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

William Cowper (1731-1800), 1774.

305

8.8.6.D.

O LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest,
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best!

Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer,
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

We cannot trust Him as we should,
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;
Yet birds and flowers around us preach;
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lesson learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace.

Joseph Anstice (1808-1836), 1836.

306

6.4.6.4.D.

FIERCE was the wild billow;
Dark was the night;
Oars laboured heavily;
Foam glimmered white;
Trembled the mariners;
Peril was nigh;
Then said the God of God,
'Peace; it is I.'

Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest;
Wail of the tempest wind,
Be thou at rest:
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,
'Peace; it is I.'

Jesu, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me;
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea:
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
'Peace; it is I.'

*John Mason Neale (1818-1866), 1862. From the
Hymn 'Ζοφερὰς τρικυμίας,' of St. Anatolius,
✠ 458.*

307

C. M.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That sheltered near Thy side
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died.

O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the Cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious Name!

John Newton (1725-1807), 1779.

308

6.6.6.6.8.8.

I BRING my sins to Thee,
The sins I cannot count,
That all may cleansèd be
In Thy once opened fount:
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
The burden is too great for me.
My heart to Thee I bring,
The heart I cannot read,
A faithless wandering thing,
An evil heart indeed:
I bring it, Saviour, now to Thee,
That fixed and faithful it may be.
To Thee I bring my care,
The care I cannot flee;
Thou wilt not only share,
But bear it all for me:
O loving Saviour, now to Thee
I bring the load that wearies me.
I bring my grief to Thee,
The grief I cannot tell;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well:
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O suffering Saviour, now to Thee.
My joys to Thee I bring,
The joys Thy love hath given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven:
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
For Thou hast purchased all for me.
My life I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone:
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King.

Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879), 1870.

309

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

JESU, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past :
Safe into the haven guide ;
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me :
All my hope on Thee is stayed ;
All my help from Thee I bring :
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within :
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee :
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley (1707-1788), 1740.

310

8.8.8.4.

JESU, my Saviour, look on me,
For I am weary and oppressed ;
I come to cast myself on Thee :
Thou art my Rest.

Look down on me, for I am weak,
I feel the toilsome journey's length,
Thine aid omnipotent I seek :
Thou art my Strength.

I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night ;
O send Thou forth some cheering ray :
Thou art my Light.

When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee—my terrors cease ;
Thy Cross a hiding-place imparts :
Thou art my Peace.

Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink :
Thou art my Life.

Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall,
Through life, in death, eternally :
Thou art my All.

John Ross Macduff (b. 1818), 1853.

311

C. M.

THOU art the Way,—by Thee alone
From sin and death we flee,
And he who would the Father seek
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth,—Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart,
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life,—the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;—
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win
Whence joys eternal flow.

Bishop Doane (U. S. A., 1799-1859), 1824.

312

8.8.8.

WHY should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's power?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.

When earthly comforts fade and die,
Though others weep, yet why should I?
Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.

I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied;
But Jesus knows, and will provide.

Though sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I dare address,
For Jesus is my righteousness.

Against me earth and hell combine,
But on my side is power divine;
Jesus is all, and He is mine.

John Newton (1725-1807), 1771.

313

L. M.

BESET with snares on every hand
In life's uncertain path we stand,
Saviour divine, diffuse Thy light,
And guide our doubtful footsteps right.

Engage each weak and erring heart
Early to choose the better part;
To yield the trifles of a day
For joys that never fade away.

Then, should the wildest storms arise,
And tempests mingle earth and skies,
No fatal shipwreck shall we fear,
But all our treasure with us bear.

If Thou, our Saviour, still art nigh,
Cheerful we live, and cheerful die;
Secure, when human comforts flee,
To find eternal joys in Thee.

Varied from Philip Doddridge (1702-1751).

314

(PSALM XXIII.)

8.8.8.8.8.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in a bare and rugged way
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
His bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile
With sudden green and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Joseph Addison (1672-1719), 1712.

315

(PSALM XXIII.)

8.7.8.7.

THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack, if I am His
And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed;
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home rejoicing brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

Sir Henry W. Baker (1821-1877), 1868.

316

(PSALM XXXVII.)

S. M.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
 And ways into His hands,
 To His sure truth and tender care
 Who earth and heaven commands.

Thou on the Lord rely,
 So safe shalt thou go on;
 Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
 So shall thy work be done.

Thy everlasting truth,
 Father, Thy ceaseless love
 Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows
 What best for each will prove.

Give to the winds thy fears,
 Hope, and be undismayed;
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
 God shall lift up thy head.

Leave to His sovereign sway
 To choose and to command;
 So shalt thou wondering own, His way
 How wise, how strong His hand.

Let us in life, in death
 Thy steadfast truth declare,
 And publish with our latest breath
 Thy love and guardian care.

*John Wesley (1703-1791), 1739. From the
 Hymn 'Befiehl du deine Wege' of Paul
 Gerhardt, 1653.*

317

(PSALM XXXVII.)

S. M.

PUT thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on,
Walk in His strength with faith and hope,
So shall thy work be done.

Commit thy ways to Him,
Thy works into His hands,
And rest on His unchanging word
Who heaven and earth commands.

Though years on years roll on,
His covenant shall endure;
Though clouds and darkness hide His path,
The promised grace is sure.

Through waves and clouds and storms
His power will clear thy way:
In God's own time the darkest night
Will end in brightest day.

*Varied from John Wesley (1703-1791), 1739.
From the Hymn 'Befehl du deine Wege' of
Paul Gerhardt, 1653.*

318

P. M.

WHEN the Lord recalls the banished,
Frees the captives all at last,
Every sorrow will have vanished,
Like a dream when night is past:
Then shall all our hearts rejoice,
And with glad, resounding voice
We shall praise the Lord who sought us
For the freedom He hath wrought us.

Lift Thy hand to aid us, Father,
Look on us who widely roam,
And Thy scattered children gather
In their longed-for, promised home;
Steep and weary is the way,
Shorten Thou the sultry day;
Faithful warriors hast Thou found us,
Let Thy peace for aye surround us.

In that peace we reap in gladness
What was sown in tearful showers;
There the fruit of all our sadness
Ripens, there the palm is ours;
There our God upon His throne
Is our full reward alone;
They who all for God surrender
Bring their sheaves in heavenly splendour.

*Catherine Winkworth (1829-1878), 1858.
From the German of Samuel G. Bürde,
1787.*

319

(PSALM XLII.)

C. M.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee
And Thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine ;
O when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

320

(PSALM LXXXVII.)

8.7.8.7.D.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode;
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With Salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

Though the world esteem thee lowly,
Though they pass thy ramparts by,
Yet the Lord, whose Name is holy,
He who fills Eternity,
He whom not the heaven containeth,
Not the high and holy place,
Still within thy walls remaineth,
Still upholds thee with His grace.

See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Still supply thy sons and daughters,
And all pain and thirst remove:
Heed not then reproach and scorning;
Fear not threats nor danger near:
Soon shall rise a brighter morning,
When thy Lord shall reappear.

John Newton (1725-1807), 1779.

321

(PSALM XCI.)

8.7.8.7.D.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation;
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
In His sacred habitation
Dwell, nor ever be afraid:
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee
In eternal safeguard there.

From the sword at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence
In the depth of midnight blasting
God will be thy sure defence:
Fear not then the deadly quiver,
Though a thousand feel the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

If with pure and firm affection
On God's laws be set thy love,
With the wings of His protection
He will shield thee from above;
Thou shalt call when griefs oppress thee,
He will hearken, He will save,
Here with special favour bless thee,
Give thee life beyond the grave.

James Montgomery (1771-1854), 1822.

322

(PSALM XC.)

C. M.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748), 1719.

323

(PSALM CXXI.)

C. M.

FROM Sion's hill my help descends ;
To God I lift mine eyes ;
My strength on Him alone depends
Who formed the earth and skies.

He, ever watchful, ever nigh,
Forbids my foot to slide ;
Nor sleep nor slumber seals the eye
Of Israel's guard and guide.

He, on my side, arrayed in might
His shield shall o'er me spread ;
Nor sun by day nor moon by night
Shall hurt my favoured head.

Safe shall I go and safe return,
While He my life defends
Whose eyes my every step discern,
Whose mercy never ends.

Edward Osler (1798-1863), 1836.

324

8.7.8.7.

FATHER, hear the prayer we offer;
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength, that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

Not for ever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be,
But by steep and rugged pathways
Would we strive to climb to Thee.

Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stray,
But would win the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

Be our strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings be our guide;
Through endeavour, failure, danger,
Father, be Thou at our side.

Let our path be bright or dreary,
Storm or sunshine be our share,
May our souls, in hope unwearied,
Make Thy work our ceaseless prayer.

Author unknown, U. S. A., 1857.

325

8.8.8.4.

THROUGH good report and evil, Lord,
Still guided by Thy faithful word—
Our staff, our buckler, and our sword—
We follow Thee.

In silence of the lonely night,
In the full glow of day's clear light,
Through life's strange wanderings, dark or bright,
We follow Thee.

O Master, point Thou out the way,
Nor suffer Thou our steps to stray;
Then in that path that leads to day
We follow Thee.

Thou hast passed on before our face;
Thy footsteps on the way we trace;
O keep us, aid us by Thy grace;
We follow Thee.

Whom have we in the heaven above,
Whom on this earth, save Thee, to love?
Still in Thy light we onward move;
We follow Thee.

Horatius Bonar (1808-1889), 1867.

326

6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

N EARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven,
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Sarah Adams (1805-1848), 1841.

327

6.6.6.6.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be;
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine, so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill;

Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

Horatius Bonar (1808-1889), 1856.

328

C. M.

FATHER, who gav'st Thine only Son
To die that we may live,
To us, with Him and Thee made one,
Thy promised sonship give.

Though we are sinners, Thou dost love;
Yet still we doubt and fear,
Till from Thy gracious throne above
Thy mercy seeks us here.

Help us to put away the sin
That veils from us Thy face;
And shed upon our heart within
The brightness of Thy grace.

Sons of Thy love, we come to Thee
Redeemed by Jesus' death;
We give our hearts, our lives to be
Thine till our latest breath.

George C. Bell, 1897.

329

11.11.11.5.

LORD of our life and God of our salvation,
Star of our night and Hope of every nation,
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevailleth;
Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven,
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven.

*Philip Pusey (1799-1855), 1840. Founded on a
Hymn of Matthäus A. von Löwenstern,
1644.*

330

8.7.8.7.

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
 Onward goes the pilgrim band,
 Singing songs of expectation,
 Marching to the Promised Land.

Clear before us through the darkness
 Gleams and burns the guiding light;
 Brother clasps the hand of brother
 Stepping fearless through the night.

One the light of God's own presence
 O'er His ransomed people shed,
 Chasing far the gloom and terror,
 Brightening all the path we tread;

One the object of our journey,
 One the faith which never tires,
 One the earnest looking forward,
 One the hope our God inspires;

One the gladness of rejoicing
 On the far, eternal shore,
 Where the one Almighty Father
 Reigns in love for evermore.

*S. Baring-Gould (b. 1834), 1867. From a
 Danish Hymn of Bernhard S. Ingemann,
 1825.*

331

8.8.8.4.

MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
 'Thy will be done.'

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
 'Thy will be done.'

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine—
 'Thy will be done.'

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest—
 'Thy will be done.'

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
 'Thy will be done.'

Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer oft mixed with tears before
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
 'Thy will be done.'

Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871), 1834.

332

10.4.10.4.10.10.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
 Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet—I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path—but now
 Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost a while.

Cardinal (John Henry) Newman (1801-1890), 1833.

333

C. M.

WE walk by faith and not by sight;
No gracious words we hear
From Him who spake as man ne'er spake;
But we believe Him near.

We may not touch His hands and side,
Nor follow where He trod;
But in His promise we rejoice,
And cry, 'My Lord and God!'

Help then, O Lord, our unbelief;
And may our faith abound,
To call on Thee when Thou art near,
And seek where Thou art found:

That, when our life of faith is done,
In realms of clearer light
We may behold Thee as Thou art
With full and endless sight.

Dean Alford (1810-1871), 1844.

334

6.5.6.5.D.

SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour,
Listen whilst we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King;
All we have to offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here;
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain or sorrow,
Toil or care, is known,
Where the angel-legions
Circle round Thy throne.

Clearer still and clearer
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sin forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within—
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God,
Leaving all behind us
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

Godfrey Thring (b. 1823), 1862.

335

8.8.8.8.8.

GOD of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies,
All souls are Thine; we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto Thee.

Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,
All Thine, and yet most truly ours;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee:

Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care,
Not left to die like fallen tree;
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Quickener of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
That body, soul, and spirit be
For ever living unto Thee.

John Ellerton (1826-1893), 1867.

336

7.6.8.6.D.

TEN thousand times ten thousand
 In sparkling raiment bright,
 The armies of the ransomed saints
 Throng up the steeps of light:
 'Tis finished, all is finished,
 Their fight with death and sin;
 Fling open wide the golden gates,
 And let the victors in.

What rush of hallelujahs
 Fills all the earth and sky!
 What ringing of a thousand harps
 Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
 O day for which creation
 And all its tribes were made!
 O joy, for all its former woes
 A thousandfold repaid!

O then what raptured greetings
 On Canaan's happy shore!
 What knitting severed friendships up,
 Where partings are no more!
 Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
 That brimmed with tears of late—
 Orphans no longer fatherless,
 Nor widows desolate.

Bring near Thy great salvation,
 Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
 Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
 Then take Thy power and reign:
 Appear, Desire of nations,
 Thine exiles long for home;
 Shew in the heavens Thy promised sign,
 Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

Dean Alford (1810-1871), 1867.

337

C. M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay,
With Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day?

Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand,
And all I love in Christ below
Shall join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

*Probably by James Montgomery (1771-1854).
Founded on two English Hymns of about
1600.*

338

7.6.7.6.

BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

O happy retribution,
Short toil, eternal rest,
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

The God whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known;
And they who see and know Him
Shall have Him for their own.

The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

There God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

*John Mason Neale (1818-1866), 1858. From
the poem 'Hora novissima,' of Bernard,
a monk of Cluny, twelfth century.*

339

7.6.7.6.

JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed.

I know not—O I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

And, when I fain would sing them,
My spirit fails and faints,
And vainly would it image
The assembly of the saints.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
Full jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel
And many a martyr-throng.

The Prince is ever in them,
The light is aye serene ;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

And they, beneath their Leader
Who conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

*John Mason Neale (1818-1866), 1858. From
the poem 'Hora novissima,' of Bernard,
a monk of Cluny, twelfth century.*

340

C. M.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

O could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unclouded eyes;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748), 1707.

341

6.6.6.6.6.6.6.

THERE is a blessèd home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow,
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well ;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell ;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One
And Spirit evermore.

Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below !
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe ;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

Sir Henry W. Baker (1821-1877), 1861.

342

7.7.7.7.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing,
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

John Cennick (1718-1755), 1742.

343

D. S. M.

‘FOR ever with the Lord!’—
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
’Tis immortality:
Here, in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day’s march nearer home.

My Father’s house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith’s foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

‘For ever with the Lord!’—
Father, if ’tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil:
Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.

So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain:
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
‘For ever with the Lord!’

James Montgomery (1771–1854), 1853.

344

6.6.8.6.4.7.

FROM Egypt's bondage come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek a new, a better home,
Where we our rest shall gain :
Hallelujah !
We are on our way to God.

There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict's o'er ;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more :
Hallelujah !
We are on our way to God.

There in celestial strains
Enraptured myriads sing ;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God Himself is King :
Hallelujah !
We are on our way to God.

We soon shall join the throng,
Their pleasures we shall share,
And sing the everlasting song
With all the ransomed there :
Hallelujah !
Bring us safe to Thee, O God !

Varied from Thomas Kelly (1769-1854), 1802.

345

(PSALM LXXXIV.) 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

PLEASANT are Thy courts above
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe:
O my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fulness, God of grace.

Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O most High;
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast;
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls, their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the deserts rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by Thy saving grace,
Give me at Thy side a place:
Sun and Shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee,
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847), 1834.

346

(PSALM XXVI. 8.)

6.6.6.6.

WE love the place, O Lord,
Wherein Thine honour dwells ;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.

It is the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet ;
And Thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen flock to greet.

We love Thine altar, Lord ;
O what on earth so dear ?
For there, in faith adored,
We find Thy presence near.

We love the word of life,
The word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife,
And joys that never cease.

We love to sing below
For mercies freely given ;
But O we long to know
The triumph-song of heaven.

Lord Jesus, give us grace
On earth to love Thee more,
In heaven to see Thy face,
And with Thy saints adore.

*First three verses by Dean Bullock, 1854.
Varied and added to by Sir Henry W.
Baker, 1860.*

347

8.5.8.5.8.4.3.

ANGEL voices ever singing
Round Thy throne of light,
Angel harps for ever ringing
Rest not day nor night;
Thousands only live to bless Thee,
And confess Thee,
Lord of might.

Thou who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we know that Thou art near us,
And wilt hear us?
Yea, we can.

Yea, we know that Thou rejoicest
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears, and hands, and voices
For Thy praise design;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
All combine.

In Thy house, great God, we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds and hands and voices
In our choicest
Psalmody.

Honour, glory, might and merit
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity!
Of the best that Thou hast given
Earth and heaven
Render Thee.

Francis Pott (b. 1832), 1866.

348

8.6.8.6.4.9.

WHO shall ascend to the holy place,
And stand on the holy hill?
Who shall the boundless realms of space
With shouts of rapture thrill?
‘Hallelujah,
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!’

The servants of the Lord are they,
The pure in heart and hand,
For whom the eternal bars give way,
The eternal gates expand.
‘Hallelujah,
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!’

Not to the noble, not to the strong,
To the wealthy, or the wise,
Is given a part in that angel-song,
That music of the skies,
‘Hallelujah,
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!’

But those who in humble and holy fear,
With child-like faith and love,
Have served the Lord as their Master here
Shall praise the Lord above.
‘Hallelujah,
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!’

Thomas E. Hankinson (1804-1843), 1840.

349

8.5.8.3.

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
'Come to Me,' saith One, 'and coming
Be at rest.'

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
'In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side.'

Hath He diadem as monarch
That His brow adorns?
'Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns.'

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
'Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.'

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
'Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past.'

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
'Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away.'

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
'Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,
Answer, Yes.'

*John Mason Neale (1818-1866), 1862. Founded
on a Greek Hymn.*

350

C. M.

CITY of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime!
The true thy chartered freemen are,
Of every age and clime.

One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast, high intent,
One working band, one harvest-song,
One King Omnipotent!

How gleam thy watchfires through the night
With never-fainting ray!
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day!

In vain the surges' angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands;
Unharm'd upon the eternal Rock
The eternal city stands.

Samuel Johnson (U.S. A., 1822-1882), 1864.

351

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

GOD save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King:
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
God save the King.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour:
Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

*Author unknown; about 1745. From a Latin
Anthem, probably of 1688.*

352

C. M.

GREAT God of hosts, our ears have heard,
Our fathers oft have told,
What wonders Thou hast done for them,
Thy glorious deeds of old.

Not by their might was safety wrought,
Nor victory by their sword;
But Thou didst guard the chosen race
Who Thy great Name adored.

Great God of hosts, their God and ours,
Our only Lord and King,
Let that right arm that fought for them
To us salvation bring.

To Thee the glory we'll ascribe,
By whom the conquest came,
And in triumphant songs of praise
Will celebrate Thy Name.

Edward Osler (1798-1863), 1836.

353

6 6.6.6.8.8.

TO Thee our God we fly
For mercy and for grace,
O hear our lowly cry,
And hide not Thou Thy face :
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

Arise, O Lord of Hosts,
Be jealous for Thy Name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame.

The powers ordained by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless ;
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness.

The Church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire ;
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire.

Give peace, Lord, in our time ;
O let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult Thy majesty.

Though vile and worthless, still
Thy people, Lord, are we ;
And for our God we will
None other have but Thee.

Bishop Walsbam How (1823-1897), 1871.

354

L. M.

PRAISE to our God, whose bounteous hand
Prepared of old our glorious land,
A garden fenced with silver sea;
A people prosperous, strong, and free.

Praise to our God; through all our past
His mighty arm hath held us fast,
Till wars and perils, toils and tears,
Have brought the rich and peaceful years.

Praise to our God; the vine He set
Within our coasts is fruitful yet;
On many a shore her seedlings grow,
'Neath many a sun her clusters glow.

Praise to our God; His power alone
Can keep unmoved our ancient throne,
Sustained by counsels wise and just,
And guarded by a people's trust.

Praise to our God; though chastenings stern
Our evil dross should thoroughly burn,
His rod and staff from age to age
Shall rule and guide His heritage.

John Ellerton (1826-1893), 1871.

H Y M N S
WRITTEN FOR THE JUBILEE
OF
MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE
1893

JUBILEE HYMNS



355

C. M.

O JESU, strong and pure and true
 Before Thy feet we bow;
 The grace of earlier years renew,
 And lead us onward now.

The fresh young life that year by year
 Within these halls is stored,
 The golden hope, the gladsome cheer
 We bring to Thee, O Lord.

Our faith endow with keener powers,
 With warmer glow our love,
 And draw these halting hearts of ours
 From earth to things above.

In paths our bravest ones have trod
 O make us strong to go,
 That we may give our lives to God
 In serving man below.

Scorn we the selfish aim or choice,
 And love's high precept keep,—
 'Rejoice with those that do rejoice,
 And weep with those that weep.'

So hence shall flow fresh strength and grace,
 As from a full-fed spring,
 To make the world a better place,
 And life a worthier thing.

Bishop Walsbam How (1823-1897), 1893.

356

7.7.7.6.D.

O FATHER, we adore Thee, and bending low
before Thee
We praise Thee and we bless Thee for all Thy
loving care;
By Thee our prayers are granted, by Thee our lives
are planted
Like trees beside the waters with leaf and fruitage
rare.

Thy gracious wings are o'er us, Thy pillared fire
before us
Amid the mirth of boyhood, its hours of work
and play;
And Thou our toils wilt lighten, and all our trials
brighten,
If clouds begin to darken around the close of day.

With glad hearts we remember bright June and
blithe December,
The studies and the Chapel, the tender hearts
and true,
The hymns our choirs were singing, the fields with
joyance ringing,
The golden hours of summer beneath Thine
heaven of blue.

To thank Thee, O our Father, from many a home
we gather;
The people of Thy pasture, Thy folded flock are
we;
And O if we have wandered, or Thy rich gifts
have squandered,
Bring home, bring home, O Father, Thy
prodigals to Thee.

For many a generation may true sons of our nation
Be trained, as those before them, in this our dear-
loved School,
And by Thy love befriended, till this brief life be
ended,
Learn all things pure and lovely beneath Thy
happy rule.

By Thee our paths are guided, by Thee our needs
provided,
The banner waving over us is Thine unending
love ;
O hear our mingled voices while heart with heart
rejoices,
Be ours Thy work, O Saviour, Thy peace, O
Holy Dove.

Dean Farrar (1831-1903), 1893

357

8.6.8.6.8.8.

THUS far the Hand that loves to guide
Has brought us on our way,
And for His constant aid supplied
We thank our God to-day ;
For hopes attained, for vanquished fears,
The blessings of our fifty years.

If bright our annals shine, we claim
No merit for success,
But render to the heavenly Name
Our meed of thankfulness ;
The husbandman the seed may sow,
God's rain and sun must make it grow.

Then let us grateful voices raise
To Him who blest our School
With guardians in her early days
So wise and strong to rule ;
The sower's anxious toil was theirs,
We reap the harvest of their prayers.

Foes lurk about the path of youth,
But friends are there to guard
With light of wisdom, voice of truth,
Restraint, reproof, reward,
And guidance on the upward road
That leads to virtue and to God.

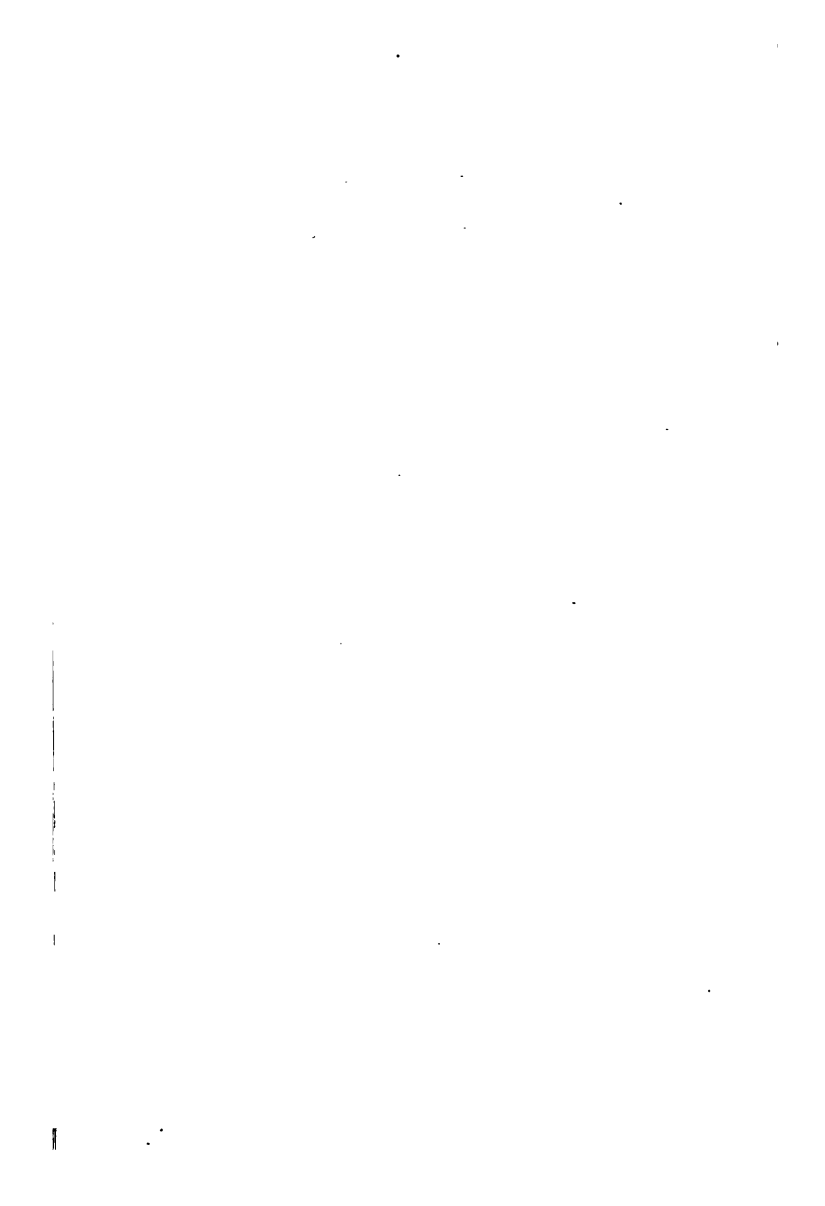
O Christ, on Thee our hearts rely
To keep them ever true
To that high mission which we try
Together to pursue ;
Let Duty like a beacon burn
For those who teach and those who learn.

O keep us simple, keep us pure
From taint of worldly guile;
Let Faith through all mischance endure,
Hope on each failure smile,
And Love, chief sister of the three,
Turn e'en defeat to victory.

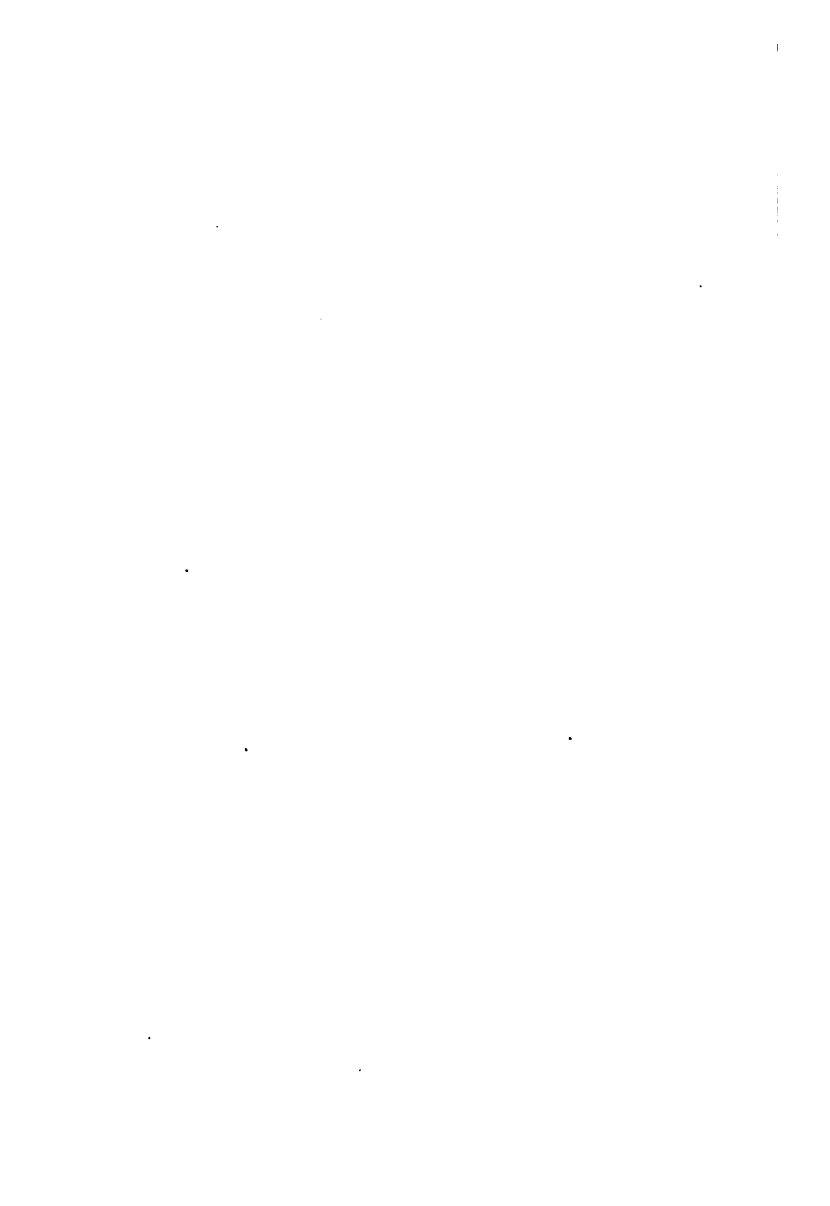
For still we run the race, and fight
The fight of faith below;
But some, where faith is lost in sight,
Have triumphed o'er the foe,
And from a happy place look down
On those still striving for the crown.

Then let, with theirs, our praises rise;
Sing voices, organ peal!
Till, thrilled by solemn harmonies,
Each spirit glows, to feel
Drawn closer to the place we love,
In union with the saints above.

Archdeacon Aglen, 1893.



SACRED POEMS



SACRED POEMS

—♦—
358

E CCE quem vates vetustis
Concinebant saeculis,
Quem prophetarum fideles
Paginae spoponderant,
Emicat promissus olim:
Cuncta collaudent eum
Saeculorum saeculis.

Psallat altitudo caeli,
Psallant omnes angeli,
Quidquid est virtutis usquam
Psallat in laudem Dei,
Nulla linguarum silescat,
Vox et omnis consonet
Saeculorum saeculis.

Macte Iudex mortuorum,
Macte Rex viventium,
Dexter assidens Parenti
Summa nactus robora,
Omnium venturus inde
Iustus ultor criminum
Saeculorum saeculis.

Te senes et te iuventus,
Parvulorum te chorus,
Turba matrum virginumque,
Simplices puellulae.
Voce concordēs pudicis
Perstrepant concentibus
Saeculorum saeculis.

Tibi, Christe, sit cum Patre
Agioque Spiritu
Hymnus, melos, laus perennis,
Gratiarum actio,
Honor, virtus, et victoria,
Regnum aeternaliter
Saeculorum saeculis.

*Adapted as a Hymn from the Poem 'Da, puer, plectrum'
of Aurelius Prudentius Clemens (348-416).*

359

TE lucis ante terminum,
Rerum Creator, poscimus,
Ut solita clementia
Sis praesul ad custodiam.

Procul recedant somnia,
Et noctium phantasmata,
Hostemque nostrum comprime,
Ne polluantur corpora.

Praesta, Pater omnipotens,
Per Iesum Christum Dominum,
Qui tecum in perpetuum
Regnat cum sancto Spiritu.

Hymn of the eighth century, or earlier.

360

TE splendor et virtus Patris,
Te vita, Iesu, cordium,
Ab ore qui pendent tuo,
Laudamus inter angelos.

Tibi mille densa millium
Ducum corona militat:
Sed explicat victor crucem
Michael salutis signifer.

Draconis hic dirum caput
In ima pellit Tartara,
Ducemque cum rebellibus
Caelesti ab arce fulminat.

Contra ducem superbiae
Sequamur hunc nos principem,
Ut detur ex Agni throno
Nobis corona gloriae.

Patri, simulque Filio,
Tibique, sancte Spiritus,
Sicut fuit, sit iugiter
Saeculum per omne gloria.

*Hymn for St. Michael's Day in the Roman
Breviary, 1632. Recast from the Hymn
'Tibi, Christe, splendor Patris,' probably
by Rabanus Maurus, Abp. of Mentz
(† 856).*

361

VENI, Creator Spiritus,
Mentes tuorum visita,
Imple superna gratia
Quae tu creasti pectora :

Qui Paraclitus diceris,
Donum Dei altissimi,
Fons vivus, ignis, charitas,
Et spiritalis unctio.

Tu septiformis munere,
Dextrae Dei tu digitus,
Tu rite promisso Patris
Sermone ditas guttura.

Accende lumen sensibus,
Infunde amorem cordibus,
Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmans perpeti.

Hostem repellas longius,
Pacemque dones protinus,
Ductore sic te praevio
Vitemus omne noxium.

Per te sciamus da Patrem,
Noscamus atque Filium,
Te utriusque Spiritum
Credamus omni tempore.

Hymn of the tenth century or earlier.

362

I ESU dulcis memoria,
Dans vera cordi gaudia,
Sed super mel et omnia
Dulcis eius praesentia.

Nil canitur suavius,
Auditur nil iucundius,
Nil cogitatur dulcius
Quam Iesus Dei Filius.

Iesu, spes poenitentibus,
Quam pius es petentibus,
Quam bonus te quaerentibus,
Sed quid invenientibus!

Nec lingua potest dicere,
Nec littera exprimere,
Expertus novit credere,
Quid sit Iesum diligere.

Iesu, Rex admirabilis,
Et triumphator nobilis,
Dulcedo ineffabilis,
Totus desiderabilis!

Mane nobiscum, Domine,
Nos tuo replens lumine,
Pulsa noctis caligine
Tua pasce dulcedine.

*Selection from the Hymn of St. Bernard of
Clairvaux (1091-1153), as used in the
Sarum Breviary.*

363

HORA novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus !

Ecce minaciter imminet Arbiter ille supremus :
Imminet, imminet, ut mala terminet, aequa coronet,
Recta remuneret, anxia liberet, aethera donet :
Auferat aspera duraque pondera mentis onustae,
Sobria muniat, improba puniat, utraque iuste.
Ille piissimus, ille gravissimus, ecce, venit Rex :
Surgat homo reus, instat Homo Deus, a Patre
Iudex.

Urbs Syon inclyta, turris et edita littore tuto,
Te peto, te colo, te flagro, te volo, canto, saluto :
Nec meritis peto ; nam meritis meto morte perire :
Nec reticens tego quod meritis ego filius irae :
Vita quidem mea, vita nimis rea, mortua vita,
Quippe reatibus exitialibus obruta, trita.
Spe tamen ambulo, praemia postulo speque fideque ;
Illa perennia postulo praemia nocte dieque :
Me Pater optimus atque piissimus ille creavit,
In lue pertulit, ex lue sustulit, a lue lavit :
Dum sua suppleo robora, gaudeo : cum mea ploro,
Tunc sibi gaudeo, tunc mihi defleo, flere laboro :
Diluit omnia caelica gratia, Fons David undans,
Omnia diluit, omnibus affluit, omnia mundans.

O mea, spes mea, tu Syon aurea, clarior auro,
Agmine splendida, stans duce florida perpete lauro ;
O bona Patria, num tua gaudia teque videbo ?
O bona Patria, num tua praemia plena tenebo ?

*From the Poem of Bernard, a monk of Cluny, ' De
Contemptu Mundi ' (twelfth century).*

364

VENI, Sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte caelitus
Lucis tuae radium.

Veni, Pater pauperum,
Veni, dator munerum,
Veni, lumen cordium :

Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animae,
Dulce refrigerium :

In labore requies,
In aestu temperies,
In fletu solatium.

O Lux beatissima,
Reple cordis intima
Tuorum fidelium.

Sine tuo numine
Nihil est in homine,
Nihil est innoxium.

Lava quod est sordidum,
Riga quod est aridum,
Sana quod est saucium ;

Flecte quod est rigidum,
Fove quod est frigidum,
Rege quod est devium.

Da tuis fidelibus
In te confidentibus
Sacrum septenarium ;

Da virtutis meritum,
Da salutis exitum,
Da perenne gaudium.

Probably by Pope Innocent III (1161-1216).

365

DIES irae, dies illa
Solvat saeculum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla.

Quantus tremor est futurus
Quando Iudex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus!

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit et natura,
Cum resurget creatura
Iudicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur
Unde mundus iudicetur.

Iudex ergo cum sedebit,
Quicquid latet apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix iustus sit securus?

Rex tremendae maiestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis.

Recordare, Iesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuae viae:
Ne me perdas illa die.

Quaerens me sedisti lassus;
Redemisti crucem passus;
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Iuste Iudex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus:
Supplici parce, Deus.

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meae non sunt dignae,
Sed tu bonus fac benigne
Ne perenni cremer igne.

Inter oves locum praesta,
Et ab haedis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis.

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum, quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis.

Lacrimosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla
Iudicandus homo reus;
Huic ergo parce, Deus.
Pie Iesu Domine,
Dona eis requiem.

*Probably by the Franciscan Friar,
Thomas of Celano, thirteenth century.*

366

DAY of anger, dreadful day!
Earth in flame shall shrivel away,
Seer and Psalmist, boding, say.

'Mid what agony of fear
Shall the Judge of all appear,
Strictly each account to hear.

Hark, the trumpet-blast appalling
Through the grave's far kingdoms falling,
To the throne all spirits calling.

Death shall quail and Nature quake,
When Earth's generations wake,
Answer to the Judge to make.

Open shall be spread the scroll
In the which is writ the whole
Record sentencing each soul.

Once the Judge is on His throne,
Every secret shall be known,
Every sinner shall atone.

Ah, what shall I plead, that day,
Unto what protector pray,
When the Saints scarce find a stay?

King of dreadful Majesty,
Saviour, with salvation free,
Fount of pity, save Thou me.

Pitying Jesu, Thy lost sheep
Sought so far with anguish deep
Safe, that day, remembering, keep.

Fainting sore Thou soughtest me,
With Thy cross Thou boughtest me,
Vain let not that labour be.

Judge most just in punishing,
Bounteous be in pardoning,
Ere the day of reckoning.

Bitter sighs my guilt proclaim,
Red my brow is with my shame,
Spare me by Thy sacred name.

Thou, by whom was Mary shriven,
Thou, by whom the thief forgiven,
Grantest me, too, hope of heaven.

Prayer of mine might save me never,
Yet, Good Lord, do Thou deliver,
Lest I burn in fire for ever.

'Mid Thy sheep my place provide,
From the goats my lot divide,
On Thy right hand, by Thy side.

When upon the cursèd all
Hell-fire and confusion fall,
Me amid the blessèd call.

Bruised to dust in prayer I bend,
Lord, my contrite heart attend,
At the last abide my Friend.

Dreadful day of tears and cries,
When from ashes Man must rise,
Summoned to the great assize.

Spare us therefore, God adored ;
Spare us, pitying Jesu, Lord,
Heavenly rest to all accord.

*A. H. Beesly, 1895 and 1898. From the
Sequence 'Dies Irae.'*

367

ECCE panis angelorum,
Factus cibus viatorum,
Vere panis filiorum,
Non mittendus canibus.
In figuris praesignatur,
Quum Isaac immolatur,
Agnus Paschae deputatur,
Datur manna patribus.

Bone pastor, panis vere,
Iesu, nostri miserere;
Tu nos pasce, nos tuere,
Tu nos bona fac videre
In terra viventium.
Tu, qui cuncta scis et vales,
Qui nos pascis hic mortales,
Tuos ibi commensales,
Coheredes et sodales
Fac sanctorum civium.

*From the Sequence 'Lauda Sion' of St. Thomas
Aquinas (1227-1274), 1261.*

368

MY God, I love Thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor yet because who love Thee not
Are lost eternally.

Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,
Why do I love Thee well?
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;

Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever loving Lord.

E'en so I love Thee and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing,
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my most loving King.

*Varied from the translation by Edward Cas-
wall (1814-1878), 1849, of the Hymn
'O Deus, ego amo te,' probably by St. Francis
Xavier († 1552).*

369

MOST glorious Lord of lyfe ! that, on this day,
Didst make thy triumph over death and sin ;
And, having harrowd¹ hell, didst bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win :
This joyous day, deare Lord, with joy begin ;
And grant that we, for whom thou diddest dye,
Being with thy deare blood clene washt from sin,
May live for ever in felicity !
And that thy love we weighing worthily
May likewise love thee for the same againe ;
And for thy sake, that all lyke deare didst buy,
With love may one another entertayne !
So let us love, deare love, lyke as we ought :
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

*Edmund Spenser (1552-1599), 1594. Sonnet for
Easter Day, or Sunday.*

¹ harrow, despoil.

370

LOVE, lift me up upon thy golden wings,
From this base world unto thy heavens hight,
Where I may see those admirable things
Which there thou workest by thy souveraine might,
Farre above feeble reach of earthly sight,
That I thereof an heavenly Hymne may sing
Unto the God of Love, high heavens king.

Him first to love great right and reason is,
Who first to us our life and being gave,
And after, when we fared had amisse,
Us wretches from the second death did save;
And last, the food of life, which now we have,
Even he himself, in his deare sacrament,
To feede our hungry soules, unto us lent.

Then next, to love our brethren, that were made
Of that selfe mould, and that selfe Makers hand
That we¹, and to the same againe shall fade,
Where they shall have like heritage of land²,
How ever here on higher steps we stand,
Which also were with selfe-same price redeemed
That we¹, how ever of us light esteemed.

And were they not, yet since that loving Lord
Commaunded us to love them for his sake,
Even for his sake, and for his sacred word,
Which in his last bequest he to us spake,
We should them love, and with their needs partake;
Knowing that, whatsoere to them we give,
We give to him by whom we all doe live.

¹ *That we*, as we.

² *the grave*.

Such mercy he by his most holy reede¹
Unto us taught, and to approve it trew,
Ensamped it by his most righteous deede,
Shewing us mercie (miserable crew !)
That we the like should to the wretches shew,
And love our brethren; thereby to approve
How much, himselfe that loved us, we love.

With all thy heart, with all thy soule and mind,
Thou must him love, and his beheasts embrace;
All other loves, with which the world doth blind
Weake fancies, and stirre up affections base,
Thou must renounce and utterly displace,
And give thy selfe unto him full and free,
That full and freely gave himselfe to thee.

*Edmund Spenser (1552-1599), 1596. Part of
'An Hymne of Heavenly Love.'*

¹ *reede*, counsel.

371

WHEN God at first made man,
Having a glasse of blessings stand-
ing by,
'Let us,' said He, 'poure on him all we can ;
Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,
Contract into a span.'

So strength first made a way ;
Then beautie flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that, alone of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottome lay.

'For if I should,' said He,
'Bestow this jewell also on My creature,
He would adore My gifts in stead of Me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature ;
So both should losers be.

'Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlesnesse ;
Let him be rich and wearie, that at least,
If goodnesse lead him not, yet wearinesse
May toss him to My breast.'

George Herbert (1593-1632). 'The Pulley.'

372

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see ;
And, what I do in any thing,
To do it as for Thee. .

A man that looks on glasse,
On it may stay his eye ;
Or, if he pleaseth, through it passe,
And then the heav'n espie.

All may of Thee partake :
Nothing can be so mean
Which with this tincture, FOR THY SAKE,
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine ;
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that, and th' action, fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold ;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told¹.

George Herbert (1593-1632). 'The Elixir.'

¹ told, reckoned.

373

LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

If life be long, let me be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be!

Then I shall end my sad complaints
And weary sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all
And I shall be with Him.

Varied from Richard Baxter (1615-1691), 1681.

374

ADESTE fideles,
Laeti triumphantes,
Venite, venite in Bethlehem;
Natum videte
Regem angelorum;
Venite, adoremus Dominum.
Deum de Deo,
Lumen de Lumine,
Gestant Puellae viscera;
Deum verum,
Genitum, non factum,
Venite, adoremus Dominum.
En, grege relicto,
Humiles ad cunas
Vocati pastores appropierant:
Et nos ovanti
Gradu festinemus,
Venite, adoremus Dominum.
Stella duce Magi
Christum adorantes
Aurum, thus, et myrrham dant munera:
Iesu infanti
Corda praebeamus.
Venite, adoremus Dominum.
Cantet nunc Io
Chorus angelorum,
Cantet nunc aula coelestium,
Gloria in excelsis Deo!
Venite, adoremus Dominum.
Ergo, qui natus
Die hodierna,
Iesu, tibi sit gloria;
Patris aeterni
Verbum Caro factum;
Venite, adoremus Dominum.

*Author unknown; probably of the seventeenth
or eighteenth century.*

375

(GENESIS XXXII. 24-30)

COME, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee :
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.
Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable Name ?
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell ;
To know it now resolved I am :
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.
Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair ;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer :
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy Name is Love.
'Tis Love ! 'Tis Love ! Thou diedst for me ;
I hear Thy whisper in my heart ;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee ;
Pure universal Love Thou art :
To me, to all, Thy mercies move ;
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love.
My prayer hath power with God ; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive ;
Through faith I see Thee face to face,
I see Thee face to face, and live :
In vain I have not wept and strove ;
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love.
I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art,—
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend ;
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay, and love me to the end :
Thy mercies never shall remove ;
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love.

Charles Wesley (1707-1788), 1742.

376

HE leads us on
By paths we did not know;
Upwards He leads us, though our steps be slow,
Though oft we faint and falter on the way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day,
Yet, when the clouds are gone,
We know He leads us on.

He leads us on
Through all the unquiet years;
Past all our dreamland hopes, and doubts, and
fears
He guides our steps, through all the tangled maze
Of losses, sorrows, and o'erclouded days:
We know His will is done,
And still He leads us on.

And He at last
After the weary strife,
After the restless fever we call life,
After the dreariness, the aching pain,
The wayward struggles, which have proved in vain,
After our toils are past,
Will give us rest at last.

*Jane Borthwick (1813-1897), from the German
of Count von Zinzendorf (†1760).*

377

WHEN quiet in my house I sit,
Thy book is my companion still;
My joy Thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of Thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heart-felt word be mine.

O may the gracious words divine
Subject of all my converse be;
So will the Lord His follower join,
And walk and talk Himself with me;
So shall my heart His presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast,
While, on the bosom of my Lord,
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.

Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long,
And let Thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue,
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the Church above.

Charles Wesley (1707-1788), 1762.

378

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, ' Behold, he prays ! '

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death ;
He enters heaven with prayer.

The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind,
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone ;
The Holy Spirit pleads ;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod :
Lord, teach us how to pray.

James Montgomery (1771-1854), 1818.

379

‘**L**ORD, and what shall this man do?’
Ask’st thou, Christian, for thy friend?
If his love for Christ be true,
Christ hath told thee of his end:
This is he whom God approves,
This is he whom Jesus loves.
Ask not of him more than this,
Leave it in his Saviour’s breast,
Whether, early called to bliss,
He in youth shall find his rest,
Or armed in his station wait,
Till his Lord be at the gate.
Whether in his lonely course
(Lonely, not forlorn) he stay,
Or with love’s supporting force
Cheat the toil, and cheer the way,
Leave it all in His high hand,
Who doth hearts as streams command.
Gales from heaven, if so He will,
Sweeter melodies can wake
In the lonely mountain rill
Than the meeting waters make:
Who hath the Father and the Son
May be left, but not alone.
Sick or healthful, slave or free,
Wealthy, or despised and poor—
What is that to him or thee,
So his love to Christ endure?
When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?
Only, since our souls will shrink
At the touch of natural grief,
When our earthly loved ones sink,
Send us, Lord, Thy sure relief,
Patient hearts, their pain to see,
And Thy grace, to follow Thee.

John Keble (1792–1866), 1819.

380

BOUND upon the accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the sun at noonday pale,
Shivering rocks and rending veil,
Earth that trembles at His doom;
By the saints who burst their tomb;
By Eden, promised ere He died
To the felon at His side;—
Lord, our suppliant knees we bow,
Son of God, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Sad and dying, who is He?
By the last and bitter cry,
The ghost given up in agony;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead;
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep;—
Crucified, we know Thee now;
Son of man, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew,—
'Lord! they know not what they do!'
By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquest He hath won,
By the saints before His throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
Son of God, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Dean Milman (1791-1868), 1827.

381

TWO brothers freely cast their lot
With David's royal Son;
The cost of conquest counting not,
They deem the battle won.

Brothers in heart, they hope to gain
An undivided joy;
That man may one with man remain,
As boy was one with boy.

Christ heard; and willed that James should fall,
First prey of Satan's rage,
John linger out his fellows all,
And die in bloodless age.

Now they join hands once more above,
Before the Conqueror's throne:
Thus God grants prayer, but in His love
Makes times and ways His own.

Cardinal (John Henry) Newman (1801-1890),
1833.

382

HOW dare we pray Thee dwell within
These hearts defiled by wilful sin?
Yet, Holy Ghost, do not depart,
Leave not to earth our earthly heart;
And if Thou seest us erring still,
O bend to Thine our stubborn will,
And bring us to the fold again,
If need, by chastisement and pain.

Bring us by all the powers of sense,
By all the course of Providence,
By inmost conscience, not yet dumb,
By all the past, by all to come,
By God's best gifts, His Son to die,
And Thee, our hearts to sanctify—
Bring us, before our sun go down,
To bear the cross, to win the crown.

Joseph Anstice (1808-1836), 1836.

383

BROTHER, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother, homeward come.

Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for nobler uses gave,
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother, God can save.

Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul,
Discontent upon thy brow?
Turn thee: God will make thee whole.

James F. Clarke (U.S.A., 1810-1888), 1844.

384

WE scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,
Into still air they seem to fleet,
We count them ever past;
But they shall last,
In the long future they
And we shall meet.

John Keble (1792-1866), 1846.

385

HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
Here faith can touch and handle things unseen;
Here would I grasp with firmer hand Thy grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the bread of God;
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load;
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

I have no help but Thine, nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed,
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood:
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,—
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my God.

Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone;
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here
Nearer than ever—still my Shield and Sun.

Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,
Yet passing points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet fore-tastes of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal-feast of bliss and love.

Horatius Bonar (1808–1889), 1855.

386

WE may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press
And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His Name.

O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Life, the Truth, the Way.

John G. Whittier (U.S.A., 1807-1892), 1856.

387

MY God, I thank Thee, who hast made
The earth so bright,
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

I thank Thee too that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain,
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide
And not our chain.

For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more,
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
rest,
until they lean
ast.

Procter (182.

388

' I GAVE My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead :
I gave My life for thee ;
What hast thou given for Me ?

' I spent long years for thee
In weariness and woe,
That an eternity
Of joy thou mightest know :
I spent long years for thee ;
Hast thou spent one for Me ?

' My Father's home of light,
My rainbow-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone :
I left it all for thee ;
Hast thou left aught for Me ?

' I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue may tell
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell :
I suffered much for thee ;
What canst thou bear for Me ?

' And I have brought to thee
Down from My home above
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love :
Great gifts I brought to thee ;
What hast thou brought to Me ?

' O let thy life be given,
Thy years for Me be spent,
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent :
I gave Myself for thee ;
Give thou thyself to Me.'

Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879), 1859.

389

GIVE me the lowest place : not that I dare
Ask for that lowest place ; but Thou hast died
That I might live and share
Thy glory by Thy side.

Give me the lowest place ; or if for me
That lowest place too high, make one more low
Where I may sit and see
My God, and love Thee so.

Christina G. Rossetti (1830-1894), 1863.

390

WEARY of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven, and long to enter in,
But there no evil thing may find a home—
And yet I hear a voice that bids me 'Come.'

So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land,
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?—
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord :
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward ;
Thine the sharp thorns, so mine the golden crown ;
Mine the life won, through Thine the life laid down.

Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart, what it can, bestow :
Like Mary's gift, let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

Samuel John Stone (b. 1839), 1866.

391

O THOU not made with hands,
Not throned above the skies,
Nor walled with shining walls,
Nor framed with stones of price,
More bright than gold or gem,
God's own Jerusalem!

Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above,
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love,
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God, thou art.

Thou art where'er the proud
In humbleness melts down,
Where self itself yields up,
Where martyrs win their crown,
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace.

Where in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go,
Where in His steps we tread
Who trod the way of woe,
Where He is in the heart,
City of God, thou art.

Not throned above the skies,
Nor golden-walled afar,
But where Christ's two or three
In His Name gathered are,
Be in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem.

Francis Turner Palgrave (1824-1897), 1867.

392

PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise,
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways !

Woe to thee, man ! for he was found
A recreant in the fight,
And lost his heritage of heaven,
And fellowship with light.

Above him now the angry sky,
Around the tempest's din ;
Who once had angels for his friends,
Had but the brutes for kin.

O man ! a savage kindred they ;
To flee that monster brood
He scaled the seaside cave, and clomb
The giants of the wood.

With now a fear, and now a hope,
With aids which chance supplied,
From youth to eld, from sire to son,
He lived, and toiled, and died.

He dreed¹ his penance age by age ;
And step by step began
Slowly to doff his savage garb,
And be again a man.

And quickened by the Almighty's breath
And chastened by His rod,
And taught by angel-visittings,
At length he sought his God ;

¹ *dreed*, endured.

And learned to call upon His Name,
And in His faith create
A household and a fatherland,
A city and a state.

Glory to Him who from the mire,
In patient length of days,
Elaborated into life
A people to His praise !

*Cardinal (John Henry) Newman (1801-
1890), 1868. From his poem 'The
Dream of Gerontius.'*

393

THE Lord is come ! On Syrian soil
The child of poverty and toil,
The Man of sorrows, born to know
Each varying shade of human woe ;
His joy, His glory to fulfil
In earth and heaven His Father's will ;
On lonely mount, by festive board,
On bitter cross, despised, adored.

The Lord is come ! Dull hearts to wake
He speaks, as never man yet spake,
The truth which makes His servants free,
The royal law of liberty ;
Though heaven and earth shall pass away,
His living words our spirits stay,
And from His treasures, new and old,
The eternal mysteries unfold.

The Lord is come ! With joy behold
The gracious signs declared of old ;
The ear that hears, the eye that sees,
The sick restored to health and ease ;
The poor, that from their low estate
Are roused to seek a nobler fate ;
The minds with doubt and dread possessed,
That find in Him their perfect rest.

The Lord is come ! In every heart
Where truth and mercy claim a part ;
In every land where right is might,
And deeds of darkness shun the light ;
In every church where faith and love
Lift earthward thoughts to things above ;
In every holy, happy home,
We bless Thee, Lord, that Thou art come.

Dean Stanley (1815-1881), 1872.

394

LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind!
Long our island throne has stood,
Planted on the ocean flood,
Crowned with rock, and girt with sea,
Home and refuge of the free;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

On that island throne have sate
Alfred's goodness, Edward's state;
Princely strength and queenly grace;
Lengthened line of royal race:
Round that throne have stood of old
Seers and statesmen, firm and bold;
Burleigh's wisdom, Hampden's fire,
Chatham's force in son and sire.

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind!
Him, in homely English tongue,
Epic lay and lyric song,
Shakespeare's myriad-minded verse,
Milton's heavenward strains rehearse;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind!
Soldiers tried in every clime,
Sailors famous through all time,
Hands of iron, hearts of oak,
Fresh from their Creator's stroke,—
These His gifts for aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Science with her thousand eyes
Sunless mine and starlit skies
Probes and pierces, far and near,
Man's estate to guide and cheer.
Hither, in our heathen night,
Came of yore the Gospel light;
By the Saviour's sacred story
'Angles' turned to Angels' glory.

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind!
Rustic churchyard, lordly pile,
Studios cloister, crowded aisle,
Lady chapel, gorgeous shrine,
All proclaim with voice divine
That Thy mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind!
Breaking with a gracious hand
Ancient error's subtle band,
Opening wide the sacred page,
Kindling hope in saint and sage;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Give us homes serene and pure,
Settled freedom, laws secure,
Truthful lips, and mind sincere,
Faith and love that cast out fear;
Grant that Light and Life Divine
Long on England's shores may shine;
Grant that People, Church, and Throne
May in all good deeds be one.

Dean Stanley (1815-1881), 1873.

395

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine—
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasured store:
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879), 1874.

396

THOUGH lowly here our lot may be,
High work have we to do,
In noble deeds to follow Him
Whose lot was lowly too.

Our lives, enriched with gentle thoughts
And loving deeds, may be
A stream that still the nobler grows
The nearer to the sea.

To duty firm, to conscience true,
However tried and pressed,
In God's clear sight high work we do,
If we but do our best.

Thus we may make the lowliest lot
With rays of glory bright;
Thus we may turn a crown of thorns
Into a crown of light.

William Gaskell (1805-1884).

PRAYERS

PRAYERS

WE give Thee humble and hearty thanks, O most merciful FATHER, for all our Benefactors, and for the lives and examples of all who have served Thee here. Pour down Thy blessing, we pray Thee, upon this School. Prosper our labours as Thou in Thy wisdom seest to be most convenient for us. Protect us, we beseech Thee, from all things hurtful both to soul and body. Preserve us by Thy HOLY SPIRIT from sin and selfishness ; and make us generous and brave, pure and true, in all our studies and in all our recreations, that, our tasks being sanctified by Thy love, our days here may be attended by Thy blessing ; and that, when our day's work on earth is over, Thou mayest send us rest from our labours under the shadow of Thy wings, for the sake of JESUS CHRIST our Lord. *Amen.*

○ LORD GOD, who dwellest not in temples made with hands, but in the hearts of those who worship Thee in spirit and in truth, we praise and thank Thee for Thy mercies vouchsafed to this School, and for Thy grace freely given to those who have sought Thy help in this Thy house of prayer. Lead us in the knowledge and obedience of Thy

word, that we may worship Thee truly and reverently, and may live together as brothers in the unity of the Spirit, through JESUS CHRIST our Lord. *Amen.*

O LORD JESUS CHRIST, Who as a child wast found among the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions, so that all men marvelled at Thine excellent wisdom: grant that we may daily grow in all learning and wisdom, and that in our life on earth we may so follow in Thy steps, and walk in the way of Thy commandments, that when we depart hence we may by Thy grace be partakers of Thy glory, and be with Thee for evermore. *Amen.*

ALMIGHTY GOD, Who dost turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and of those that teach to those that learn, keep us, we beseech Thee, kindly affectioned the one to the other, and bring us, this life ended, to the life immortal, through JESUS CHRIST our Lord. *Amen.*

O ETERNAL LORD GOD, Who holdest all souls in life, we beseech Thee to shed forth upon Thy whole Church the bright beams of Thy light and heavenly comfort, and grant that we, following the good examples of those who have served Thee here and are at rest, may at length enter with them into Thine unending joy, through JESUS CHRIST our Lord. *Amen.*

MORNING.

O GOD, Who by Thy holy Apostle hast taught us to do all things in the name of the LORD JESUS and to Thy glory, give Thy blessing, we pray Thee, to our work this day, that we may do it heartily, as unto the LORD, and not unto men. All our powers of body and mind are Thine: grant that we may devote them all to Thy service. Sanctify them and the work to which Thou callest us: may we not be slothful in business, but fervent in spirit. Save us from negligence and ignorance; save us from pride, vanity, and self-will; and grant that while we increase in the knowledge of earthly things, we may also grow in grace and in the knowledge of Thee, and of Thy Son JESUS CHRIST, whom Thou hast sent. Give us this day Thy Holy Spirit, that we may be Thine in body and soul, serving Thee with quiet minds and thankful hearts, through JESUS CHRIST our LORD. *Amen.*

EVENING.

O ALMIGHTY and Eternal GOD, we thank Thee for having preserved us through this day, and for all that Thou hast given to us to use for Thy glory. We pray Thee of Thy fatherly goodness to give us repentance and forgiveness for all offences that we have committed against Thee

in thought, word, or deed. Keep us safe from sin and danger through the coming night, and grant us rest and peace in Thy holy keeping, through JESUS CHRIST our Lord. *Amen.*

FOR THE EVENING OF THE DAY
PRECEDING A CELEBRATION OF THE
HOLY COMMUNION.

GRANT, O LORD, that they who shall receive in this place the blessed Sacrament of the Body and Blood of CHRIST, may come to that holy Ordinance with faith, charity, and true repentance; and being fulfilled with Thy grace and heavenly benediction, may, to their great and endless comfort, obtain remission of their sins, and all other benefits of His Passion. *Amen.*

INDEXES

INDEX OF AUTHORS

- Adams, Sarah Flower, 326.
Addison, Joseph, 200, 216, 314.
Aglen, Anthony Stocker, 357.
Alexander, Cecil Frances, 72, 121, 132, 150, 177, 296.
Alford, Henry, 184, 333, 336.
Anonymous, 16, 73.
Anstice, Joseph, 28, 292, 305, 382.
Armstrong, John, 158.
Auber, Harriet, 131.
Austin, John, 245, 302.
- Baker, Henry William, 12, 111, 146, 219, 303, 315, 341, 346.
Barbault, Anna Laetitia, 188.
Baring-Gould, Sabine, 240, 330.
Barry, Alfred, 54.
Baxter, Richard, 373.
Reesly, Augustus Henry, 366.
Bell, George Charles, 328.
Bernard of Cluny, 363.
Bode, John Ernest, 234.
Bonar, Horatius, 71, 279, 325, 327, 385.
Borthwick, Jane, 7, 376.
Bridges, Matthew, 244.
Bright, William, 10, 40, 167.
Brown, Thomas Edward, 297.
Browne, Simon, 127.
Bruce, Michael, 268.
Buckoll, Henry James, 15, 18, 190, 191, 217, 300.
Bullock, William, 346.
Butler, Henry Montagu, 246, 266.

- Campbell, Jane Montgomery, 186.
Campbell, Robert, 118.
Carlyle, Joseph Dacre, 272.
Caswall, Edward, 69, 83, 368.
Cennick, John, 61, 278, 342.
Chandler, John, 11, 70, 251.
Clark, John Haldenby, 237.
Clarke, James Freeman, 383.
Collier, William Bengo, 73.
Collins, Henry, 232.
Conder, Josiah, 155, 165.
Cooper, Edward, 135.
Cosin, John, 126.
Cotterill, Thomas, 49, 73, 257, 289.
Cotton, George Edward Lynch, 199.
Cowper, William, 271, 280, 304.
Cox, Frances Elizabeth, 117, 143.
Cummins, John James, 285.
- Dayman, Edward Arthur, 174.
Dix, William Chatterton, 82, 122, 281.
Doane, George Washington, 311.
Doddridge, Philip, 64, 164, 243, 262, 313.
Downton, Henry, 80.
Duncan, Mary Lundie, 142.
- E. S., 290.
Edmeston, James, 25, 260.
Ellerton, John, 14, 35, 43, 48, 52, 57, 173, 335, 354.
Elliott, Charlotte, 87, 98, 236, 331.
Everest, Charles William, 93.
- Faber, Frederick William, 32, 110.
Farrar, Frederic William, 151, 213, 356.
Fuller-Maitland, Frances Sara, 239.
- Gascoigne, George, 3.
Gaskell, William, 396.
Grant, Robert, 108, 211.
Gurney, John Hampden, 94, 197, 203.
- Hankinson, Thomas Edwards, 348.
Hart, Joseph, 276.

- Havergal, Frances Ridley, 123, 308, 388, 395.
Haweis, Thomas, 91.
Hawkins, Ernest, 178.
Heathcote, William Beadon, 33.
Heber, Reginald, 41, 65, 68, 81, 92, 95, 104, 134, 144,
172, 175, 194, 227.
Heginbotham, Ottiwell, 250.
Hensley, Lewis, 235.
Herbert, George, 371, 372.
Hinds, Samuel, 162.
How, William Walsham, 56, 59, 148, 160, 193, 195, 233,
252, 291, 353, 355.
Howson, Edmund Whytehead, 88.
- Innocent III, 364.
- Jex-Blake, Thomas William, 201.
Johnson, Samuel, 350.
- Keble, John, 2, 21, 22, 84, 130, 185, 247, 379, 384.
Kelly, Thomas, 24, 344.
Ken, Thomas, 1, 20.
Kethe, William, 209.
- Latham, John, 259.
Longfellow, Samuel, 30, 128, 256.
Lyte, Henry Francis, 31, 205, 222, 223, 345.
- Macduff, John Ross, 310.
Maclagan, William Dalrymple, 145.
Mant, Richard, 99, 154.
Marckant, John, 85.
Marriott, John, 176.
Massie, Richard, 17.
Maude, Mary Fawler, 163.
Merrick, James, 288.
Milman, Henry Hart, 89, 103, 105, 380.
Monsell, John Samuel Bewley, 202, 241, 301.
Montgomery, James, 27, 67, 79, 101, 106, 140, 159, 166,
180, 220, 226, 321, 337, 343, 378.
Morison, John, 75.
Moultrie, John, 293.

Neale, John Mason, 5, 42, 44, 74, 102, 114, 115, 152,
153, 230, 248, 306, 338, 339, 349.

Neele, Henry, 282.

Newman, John Henry, 215, 332, 381, 392.

Newton, John, 231, 274, 275, 307, 312, 320.

Oakley, Frederick, 78.

Olivers, Thomas, 225.

Osler, Edward, 170, 323, 352.

Palgrave, Francis Turner, 8, 9, 36, 37, 286, 391.

Palmer, Ray, 171.

Perronet, Edward, 229.

Pierpoint, Folliott Sandford, 196.

Plumptre, Edward Hayes, 187.

Pollock, Thomas Benson, 96, 137, 258.

Pope, Alexander, 255.

Pott, Francis, 116, 347.

Procter, Adelaide Anne, 387.

Prynne, George Rundle, 269.

Pusey, Philip, 329.

Quarles, John, 263.

Rabanus Maurus, 360.

Raymond, William Sterne, 112.

Robinson, Richard Hayes, 34.

Rorison, Gilbert, 139.

Rossetti, Christina Georgina, 389.

Russell, Arthur Tozer, 138.

St. Bernard of Clairvaux, 362.

St. Thomas Aquinas, 367.

Scott, Walter, 60.

Shrubsole, William, 179.

Spenser, Edmund, 369, 370.

Stanley, Arthur Penrhyn, 125, 393, 394.

Steele, Anne, 294.

Stone, Samuel John, 156, 390.

Tate, Nahum, 76.

Tate and Brady, 86, 182, 204, 208, 214, 253, 254, 319.

Thomas of Celano, 365.

Thring, Godfrey, 38, 97, 334.

Toke, Emma, 124.

Toplady, Augustus Montague, 107.

Tuttielt, Laurence, 192.

Twells, Henry, 39.

Unknown, 4, 26, 29, 58, 113, 129, 149, 168, 207, 224,
324, 351, 359, 361, 374.

Walker, John, 273.

Watts, Isaac, 51, 66, 109, 136, 141, 181, 206, 210, 212,
228, 322, 340.

Wesley, Charles, 6, 19, 23, 62, 63, 77, 120, 157, 221,
238, 249, 265, 267, 270, 277, 284, 295, 299, 309,
375, 377.

Wesley, John, 90, 316, 317.

Whately, Richard, 41.

Whiting, William, 189.

Whittier, John Greenleaf, 386.

Williams, Isaac, 55, 100, 261.

Williams, William, 287.

Winkworth, Catherine, 13, 45, 46, 47, 50, 133, 161, 198,
218, 242, 264, 298, 318.

Woodford, James Russell, 169.

Wordsworth, Christopher, 53, 119, 147, 183, 283.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	HYMN
A few more years shall roll	71
A tower of strength our God doth stand	300
A voice by Jordan's shore	256
Abide among us with Thy grace	264
Abide with me; fast falls the eventide	31
According to Thy gracious word	166
Adeste fideles	374
Again, as evening's shadow falls	30
All glory, laud, and honour	102
All hail the power of Jesus' Name	229
All is over;—in the tomb	112
All people that on earth do dwell	209
All praise to Him who dwells in bliss	23
All praise to Thee, my God, this night	20
Alleluia! Alleluia! hearts and voices heavenward raise	119
Alleluia! sing to Jesus	122
And now, O Father, mindful of the love	167
Angel voices ever singing	347
Angels, from the realms of glory	79
Another day begun	14
Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat	307
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake	179
Around the throne of God a band	153
Art thou weary, art thou languid	349
As pants the hart for cooling streams	319
As Thou didst rest, O Father, o'er nature's finished birth	54
As with gladness men of old	82
'Ask, and ye surely shall receive'	266
At even, ere the sun was set	39
At the Lamb's high feast we sing	118
At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay	10
Awake, my soul, and with the sun	1
Be Thou my guardian and my guide	261
Be with me, Lord, where'er I go	278

	HYMN
Before Jehovah's awful throne	210
Before the day draws near its ending	43
Before the ending of the day	42
Before Thine awful presence, Lord	160
Behold, we come, dear Lord, to Thee	245
Beset with snares on every hand	313
Blest are the pure in heart	247
Blest be Thy love, dear Lord	302
Bound upon the accursèd tree	380
Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed	165
Brief life is here our portion	338
Bright the vision that delighted	154
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning	81
Brother, hast thou wandered far	383
Call Jehovah thy salvation	321
Captain of Israel's host, and Guide	299
Cease, my soul, thy tribulation	297
Children of the heavenly King	342
Christ, whose glory fills the skies	6
Christian, seek not yet repose	236
City of God, how broad and far	350
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove	127
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire	126
Come, Holy Spirit, come	276
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	228
Come, my soul, thou must be waking	18
Come, O Saviour long expected	62
Come, O Thou Traveller unknown	375
Come, sons of God, awake	49
Come, Thou bright and morning Star	17
'Come to a desert place apart'	292
'Come unto Me, ye weary'	281
Come, ye faithful, raise the strain	115
Come, ye thankful people, come	184
Commit thou all thy griefs	316
Day of anger, dreadful day	366
Dies irae, dies illa	365
Earth has many a noble city	83
Ecce panis angelorum	367
Ecce quem vates vetustis	358
Ere another Sabbath's close	58

	HYMN
Eternal Father, strong to save	189
Eternal God, we look to Thee	288
Fair waved the golden corn	203
Father, before Thy throne of light	151
Father, by Thy love and power	28
Father, hear the prayer we offer	324
Father, hear the thankful praises	217
Father, let me dedicate	192
Father of heaven, whose love profound	135
Father of mercies, let our praise	289
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss	294
Father, who gav'st Thine only Son	328
Fierce was the wild billow	306
Fight the good fight with all thy might	241
For all the saints who from their labours rest	148
'For ever with the Lord'	343
For the beauty of the earth	196
For Thy mercy and Thy grace	80
Forgive, O Lord, our wanderings past	168
Forth from the dark and stormy sky	92
Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go	19
From all who dwell below the skies	212
From Egypt's bondage come	344
From Greenland's icy mountains	175
From Sion's hill my help descends	323
From Thy heavenly throne	161
Give me the lowest place : not that I dare	389
Glorious things of thee are spoken	320
Go to dark Gethsemane	106
God and Father, great and holy	213
God moves in a mysterious way	304
God of mercy, God of grace	205
God of mercy, throned on high	282
God of the living, in whose eyes	335
God save our gracious King	351
God, that madest earth and heaven	41
Golden harps are sounding	123
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost	283
Great Creator, Lord of all	137
Great God of hosts, our ears have heard	352

	HYMN
Great God, what do I see and hear	73
Great Shepherd of Thy people, hear	274
Guide us, O Thou great Jehovah	287
Hail, gladdening light, of His pure glory poured	22
Hail the day that sees Him rise	120
Hail to the Lord's Anointed	67
Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding	69
Hark, my soul! it is the Lord	280
Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes	64
Hark! the herald angels sing	77
Hark! the song of jubilee	180
Hark! the sound of holy voices	147
Have mercy, Lord, on me	86
He is gone—beyond the skies	125
He leads us on	376
Heal me, O my Saviour, heal	97
Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face	385
Holy Father, cheer our way	34
Holy Ghost, my Comforter	133
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty	134
Holy Spirit, Truth divine	128
Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus	363
Hosanna to the living Lord	104
How beauteous are their feet	181
How bright these glorious spirits shine	141
How dare we pray Thee dwell within	382
How shall the young preserve their ways	254
How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds	231
I bring my sins to Thee	308
I gave My life for thee	388
I give immortal praise	136
I heard the voice of Jesus say	279
I praised the earth, in beauty seen	194
Iam lucis orto sidere	4
Iesu dulcis memoria	362
In the hour of trial	101
Jerusalem, my happy home	337
Jerusalem the golden	339
Jesu, Life of those who die	96
Jesu, lover of my soul	309

	HYMN
Jesu, meek and gentle	269
Jesu, my Lord, my God, my All	232
Jesu, my Saviour, look on me	310
Jesu, Sun of righteousness	7
Jesu, the very thought is sweet	230
Jesus calls us—o'er the tumult	150
Jesus Christ is risen to-day	113
Jesus lives ; thy terrors now	117
Jesus, Lord, we kneel before Thee	285
Jesus, Lord, we look to Thee	267
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	66
Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts	171
Jesus, where'er Thy people meet	271
Just as I am, without one plea	87
Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom	332
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us	260
Let saints on earth in concert sing	157
Let us with a gladsome mind	394
'Lift up your hearts !' We lift them, Lord, to Thee	246
Light of Light, enlighten me	50
Light of those whose dreary dwelling	284
Lo ! He comes with clouds descending	61
Lo ! heaven and earth and sea and air	198
Lo ! round the throne, at God's right hand	142
Lo ! summer comes again	187
Lord, a Saviour's love displaying	178
'Lord, and what shall this man do'	379
Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee	94
Lord, behold us with Thy blessing	190
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing	26
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing	191
Lord God of morning and of night	8
Lord, if Thou Thy grace impart	249
Lord, in this Thy mercy's day	100
Lord, in Thy Name Thy servants plead	185
Lord, it belongs not to my care	373
Lord of mercy and of might	95
Lord of my life, whose tender care	29
Lord of our life and God of our salvation	329
Lord of the worlds above	206
Lord, pour Thy Spirit from on high	159

	HYMN
Lord, shall Thy children come to Thee	162
Lord, Thy word abideth	303
Lord, we thank Thee for the pleasure	201
Lord, when we bend before Thy throne	272
Lord, who once from heaven descending	259
Love Divine, all love excelling	295
Love, lift me up upon thy golden wings	370
Morn of morns, and day of days	55
Most glorious Lord of lyfe ! that, on this day	369
My Father, for another night	12
My God, accept my heart this day	244
My God, and is Thy table spread	164
My God, I love Thee, not because	368
My God, I thank Thee, who hast made	387
My God, my Father, while I stray	331
Nearer, my God, to Thee	326
New every morning is the love	2
Now all the woods are sleeping	47
Now at the night's return we raise	40
Now thank we all our God	218
Now that the daylight fills the sky	5
Now the labourer's task is o'er	173
Now the morn new light is pouring	15
Now, when the dusky shades of night, retreating	16
O come, all ye faithful	78
O come and mourn with me awhile	110
O come, loud anthems let us sing	208
O come, O come, Emmanuel	74
O day of rest and gladness	53
O Father, we adore Thee, and bending low before Thee	356
O Father, who didst all things make	33
O for a heart to praise my God	265
O gentes omnes undique	207
O God of Jacob, by whose hand	262
O God of life, whose power benign	138
O God, our help in ages past	322
O God, Thou art my God alone	27
O God, unseen, yet ever near	170
O God, who when the night was deep	9

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

429

HYMN

O God, with whom the happy dead	155
O happy band of pilgrims	248
O help us, Lord; each hour of need.	89
O holy Lord, content to live	252
O Jesu, crucified for man	59
O Jesu, Lord of heavenly grace	11
O Jesu, strong and pure and true	355
O Jesu, Thou art standing	233
O Jesus, I have promised	234
O Jesus, Lord, the Way, the Truth	149
O King of kings, before whose throne	263
O Light of life, O Saviour dear	37
O Lord, how happy should we be	305
O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea	183
O Lord, turn not Thy face away	85
O Sacred Head, surrounded	111
O Saviour, is Thy promise fled	65
O Thou from whom all goodness flows	91
O Thou not made with hands	391
O Thou, the contrite sinners' Friend	98
O Thou, to whose all-searching sight	90
O Thou, who camest from above	270
O Thou, who hast at Thy command	257
O Thou who makest souls to shine	158
O what, if we are Christ's	146
O worship the King all-glorious above	211
Oft in danger, oft in woe	239
On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry	70
Onward, Christian soldiers	240
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed	131
Our day of praise is done	57
Our Father, guide those streams aright	290
Pleasant are Thy courts above	345
Pour down Thy Spirit, gracious Lord	275
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven	222
Praise the Lord, His glories show	223
Praise the Lord; ye heavens, adore Him	224
Praise to God, immortal praise	188
Praise to our God, whose bounteous hand	354
Praise to the Holiest in the height	215
Praise to the Holiest in the height	392

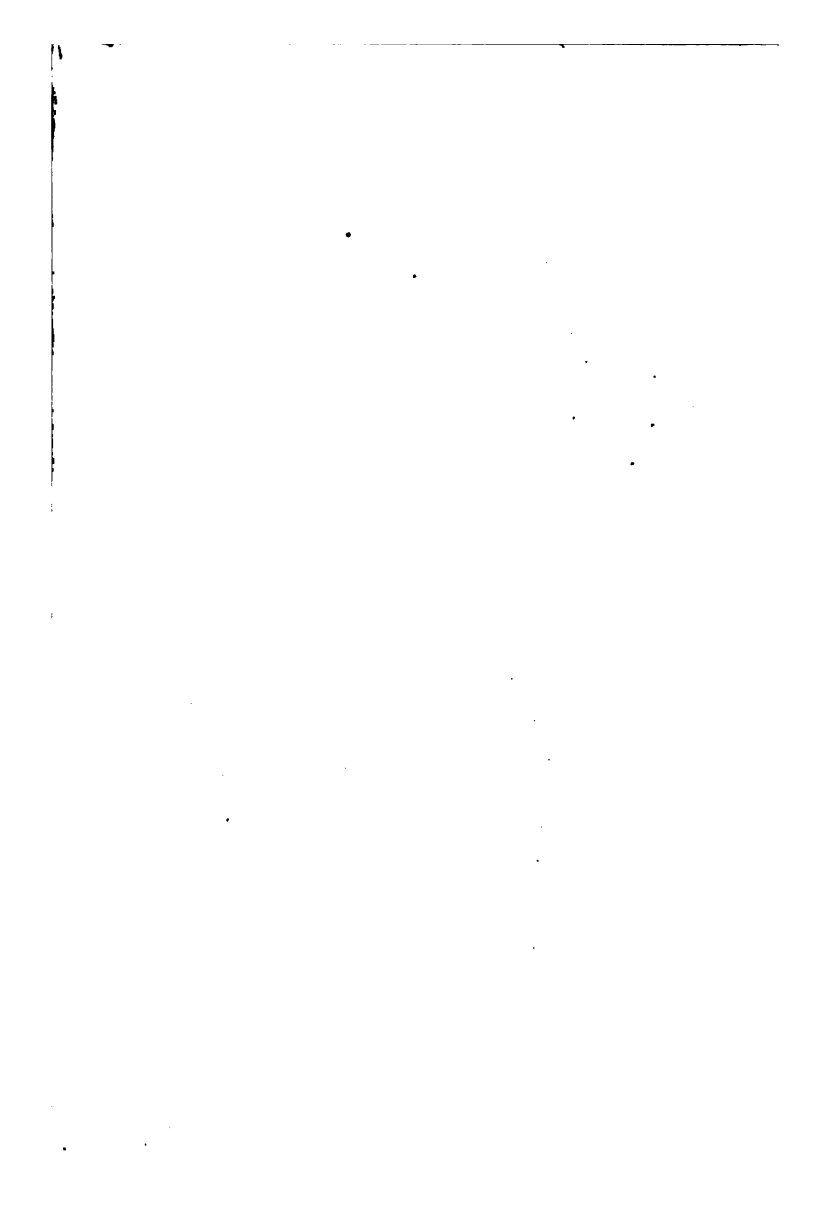
	HYMN
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	378
Put thou thy trust in God	317
Rejoice, the Lord is King	221
Rejoice to-day with one accord	219
Ride on, ride on in majesty	103
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	107
Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise	35
Saviour, blessed Saviour	334
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	25
Saviour, when in dust to Thee	108
Saviour, when temptations try us	88
Sing to the Lord a joyful song	202
Sleep thy last sleep	174
Soldiers of Christ, arise	238
Soldiers who are Christ's below	237
Son of Man, to Thee we cry	99
Songs of praise the angels sang	226
Souls in heathen darkness lying	177
Spirit of God, that moved of old	132
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love	129
Stand up, and bless the Lord	220
Star of morn and even	36
Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright	152
Strive aright when God doth call thee	242
Summer suns are glowing	195
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear	21
Sweet is the work, my God, my King	51
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go	32
Take my life, and let it be	395
'Take up the cross,' the Saviour said	93
Te lucis ante terminum	359
Te splendor et virtus Patris	360
Teach me, my God and King	372
Ten thousand times ten thousand	336
That day of wrath, that dreadful day	60
The Church's one foundation	156
The day is past and over	44
The day of Resurrection	114
The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended	48
The eternal gates lift up their heads	121

HYMN

The God of Abraham praise	225
The happy sunshine all is gone	45
The heavenly Child in stature grows	251
The King of love my Shepherd is	315
The Lord is come! On Syrian soil	393
The Lord my pasture shall prepare	314
The Lord of might from Sinai's brow	68
The night is come, wherein at last we rest	46
The people that in darkness sat	75
The radiant morn hath passed away	38
The roscate hues of early dawn	296
The saints of God, their conflict past	145
The Son of God goes forth to war	144
The spacious firmament on high	200
The strife is o'er, the battle done	116
The year is swiftly waning	193
Thee we adore, O hidden Saviour, Thee	169
There is a blessed home	341
There is a book, who runs may read	84
There is a land of pure delight	340
There was joy in heaven	227
Thine for ever! God of love	163
This day, at Thy creating word	56
This is the day of light.	52
Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee	172
Thou art gone up on high	124
Thou art the Way,—by Thee alone	311
Thou boundless source of every good	250
Thou Judge of quick and dead	63
Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known	253
Thou, whose Almighty word	176
Though lowly here our lot may be	396
Though we long in sin-wrought blindness	286
Three in One, and One in Three	139
Through all the changing scenes of life	204
Through good report and evil, Lord	325
Through the day Thy love hath spared us	24
Through the night of doubt and sorrow	330
Thus far the Hand that loves to guide	357
Thy Kingdom come, O God	235
Thy way, not mine, O Lord	327

	HYMN
To bless Thy chosen race	182
To Thee, O loving Saviour, our spirits turn for rest	301
To Thee our God we fly	353
Try us, O God, and search the ground	277
Two brothers freely cast their lot	381
Veni, Creator Spiritus	361
Veni, Sancte Spiritus	364
We have not known Thee as we ought	258
We love the place, O Lord	346
We may not climb the heavenly steeps	386
We plough the fields, and scatter	186
We scatter seeds with careless hand	384
We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth	199
We walk by faith and not by sight	333
Weary of earth, and laden with my sin	390
What are these in bright array	140
What conscience dictates to be done	255
When all Thy mercies, O my God	216
When Christ from heaven came down of old	72
When God at first made man	371
When God of old came down from heaven	130
When I survey the wondrous Cross	109
When our heads are bowed with woe	105
When quiet in my house I sit	377
When the Lord recalls the banished	318
Where high the heavenly temple stands	268
While shepherds watched their flocks by night	76
While we in supplication join	273
While yet the morn is breaking	13
Who are these, like stars appearing	143
Who puts his trust in God most just	298
Who shall ascend to the holy place	348
Why should I fear the darkest hour	312
With trembling awe the chosen three	291
Wondrous was Thy path on earth	293
Ye boundless realms of joy	214
Ye servants of the Lord	243
Ye that have spent the silent night	3
Yes, God is good ; in earth and sky	197

350-50




3 2044 069 813 723

The borrower must return this item on or before the last date stamped below. If another user places a recall for this item, the borrower will be notified of the need for an earlier return.

Non-receipt of overdue notices does not exempt the borrower from overdue fines.

Andover-Harvard Theological Library Cambridge, MA 02138 617-495-5788
--

Please handle with
Thank you for helping
library collections at

